

ST. NICHOLAS.

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HEN the springtime sun is high, and the air is soft and sweet, and there is a song in the throat of every bird, and the warm earth is mellow for the seed of the sower, it is one of the rare events of a lifetime, if it is all new to you, to stand on some wide American prairie while the husbandmen are giving to the rich fields the grain which ere many months shall be reaped, a precious harvest, to fill the garners of the hungry world. If you have never thus stood upon a great prairie lying many hundreds of miles beyond the hazy line where the horizon melts away, you have not yet begun to realize what vastness means: not even the mountains nor the landless sea can make you feel more deeply how big the world is. And there are scenes of interest, too, upon these wide prairies as well as among

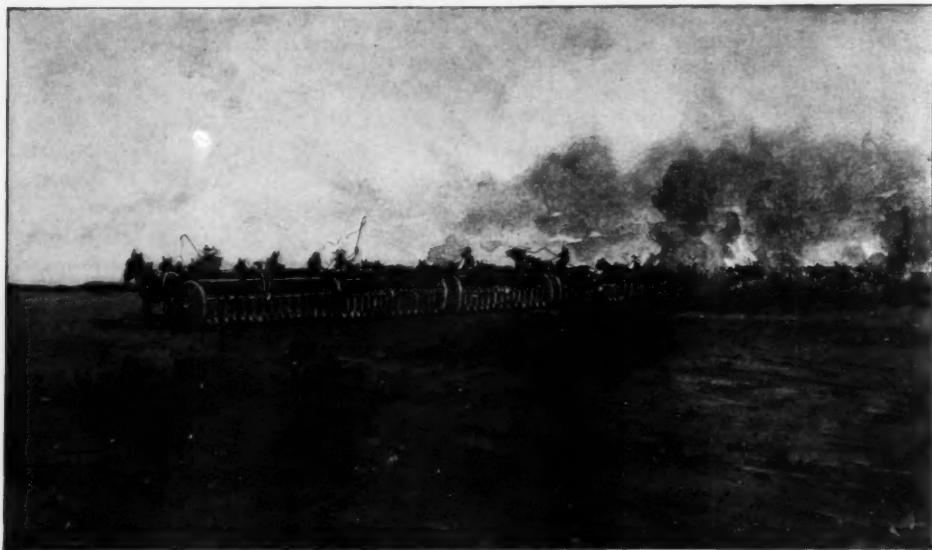
the snowy mountains or on the ocean or in its wonderful depths.

There was a day, and not so many years ago either, measuring years by man's memory, when a strong man, bearing a coarse sack, flung the seeds of grain into the face of the west wind, which blew them spitefully across the stubby dark ground. Then a man drove a heavy team over the field, pulling a great harrow which tucked the wheat-kernels underground. Sometimes the west wind blew still more spitefully, and then the grain was uncovered, and the seeding had to be done over again.

But in these modern days all this has changed. As we watch the work of seed-planting to-day, we shall be interested in making a contrast with the work of those slow old days. Away out before us stretches what they call "a platoon" of seeders. These seeders are long boxes, handsomely painted, mounted upon wheels. From each box, running down to the ground, are

slender rubber tubes about two feet long and an inch in diameter. The horses which are hitched to the seeders start up at last, and away goes the long platoon across the field. The wheat-kernels run down the tubes, not too fast,

Day after day the sun shines, and now and then the rains come, and then how the thirsty roots do drink! Sometimes across the wide prairie a furious storm of wind and hail comes up, but the wheat roots are so deep and so



A PLATOON OF SEEDERS AT WORK.

but fast enough thoroughly to seed the ground. A queer little iron plow, back of each tube, covers up the tiny stream of grain; and there it is planted, safe from the west wind, and yet not so deep that the sprouting cannot come.

It would be interesting to know if the tiny brownish kernel of wheat down there in the warm earth really feels the strange forces of nature at work, quickening its little body into life, and sending from its heart a slender green blade up to the bright sunshine.

And what a wonderful sight it is when a few weeks have passed, and over all the prairie land, so brown in the earlier spring, a beautiful green carpet spreads miles upon miles away, until at last, it joins the deep blue of the summer sky! So far away it spreads, one can hardly realize there is anything else in the world but grain-fields. On the big farms in Dakota and Minnesota, some fields have several thousands of acres—not much like the small stony-soiled fields of the East!

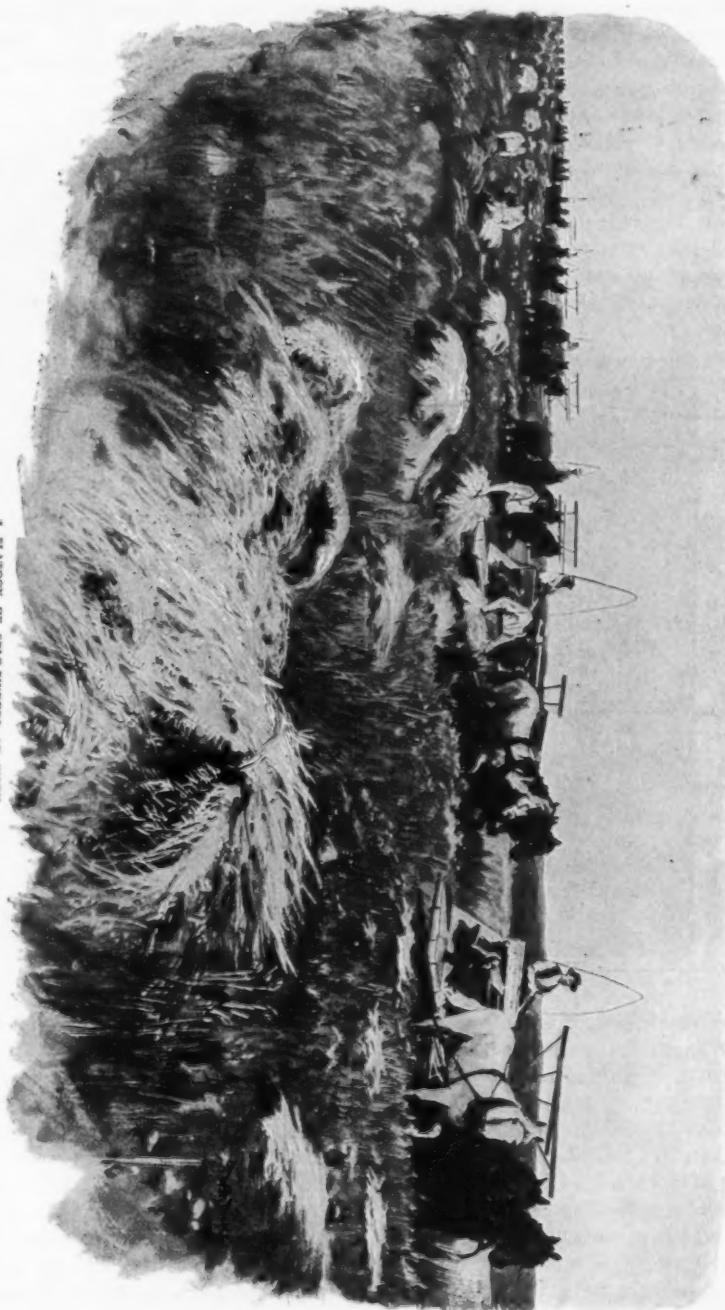
strongly fixed that the grain is not often seriously harmed. There are, however, times when these storms destroy hundreds of acres of grain.

You should see the grain-fields along in August. The rich juices that have been coming up through the long green stems have fed the kernels of wheat until at last they are quite large—as grains of wheat are large. The myriad nodding heads in the field have begun to turn the most beautiful yellow—not a yellow like the color of a sunflower, but a richer, more golden hue. The scene is so fine, so inviting, so like a great picture set in the round frame of the sky. There is nothing to be seen but the yellow waving grain. Far away in the distance, a mile or more, you can just see a tiny speck which might be a stick or stone, for all one could tell, but which is, in reality, a house with a big, comfortable barn near it. It is so hard to describe a wheat-field, it is such a wide, unbroken level, with perhaps several thousands of acres in it, with nothing for your eye to catch

but this mass of golden grain ripening under the blue summer sky.

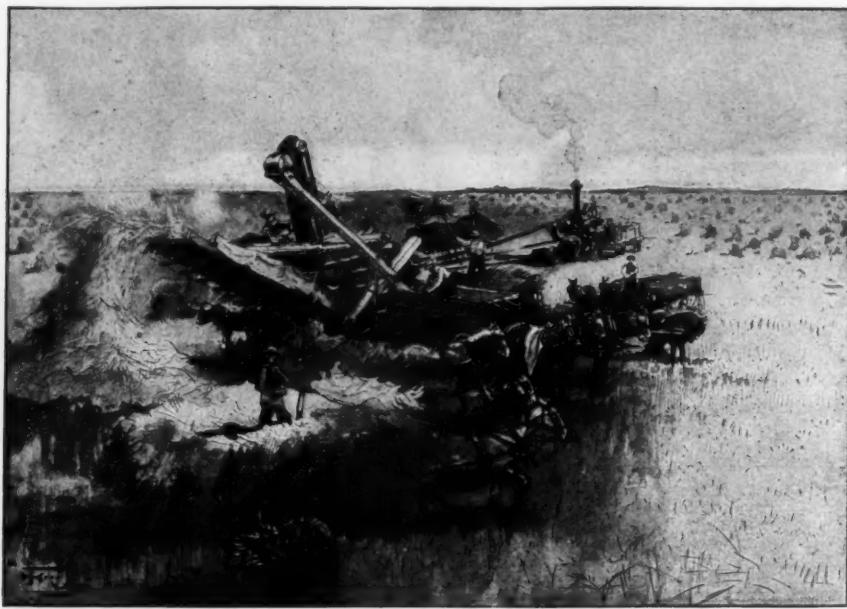
As you look closer at the tiny speck which turns out to be the distant farm-house, you may see signs of commotion. There is evidently something going on of a very interesting nature. At last there come toward us many queer machines drawn by two, sometimes three, horses harnessed abreast, as Russians drive their carriage-teams. Nearer and nearer come these noisy machines, fully twenty of them, one following close behind another. These are the machines that cut and tie up the grain — self-binders they are called, machines which are the result of much study and work by inventive men. Down near the ground a sharp blade of steel, perhaps five feet long and a couple of inches wide, with keen-edged teeth, is kept moving back and forth by the machinery of the binder, cutting

A PLATOON OF SELF-BINDERS AT WORK.



the grain as neatly as a lawn-mower. In this machine, the wheat, when cut, is carried up a sort of rack or belt and thrown upon a platform where a queer contrivance bunches it together, and suddenly a stout cord is thrown around the bunch, twisted into a knot, and away goes the bundle of wheat tied up, as neat and taut as any one could wish. A man who sits upon a high seat drives the plump horses; the machine does all the rest—cuts the wheat and binds it, and tosses it off upon the stubble, ready to be stood up in graceful shocks. Close behind each other

strong arms and pound out the plump kernels upon the barn floor. The thresher's outfit is quite extensive. First there is the big machine itself, through which passes the grain—stalks, heads, and all. The tight-bound bundles are sometimes pitched up to a man with a keen knife, who cuts the cords and feeds the loosened grain into an iron throat set about with huge teeth. More often, on the large farms, two strong forks managed by a large derrick grasp great mouthfuls of grain, and lift it up to the machine's mouth, where it is automatically fed



THE THRESHER AT WORK.

moves the platoon of binders. Some days, when a large field is cut into, it takes hours and hours to go around it even once.

So the harvesters, or binders, keep at work. After them come sun-browned men who put the grain into shocks, or, if it is to be threshed out at once, load it on the great wagons and haul it to the threshers. You would not easily forget the thresher, such an odd-looking machine it is. It is not at all such an appliance as was once in use in the old, far-distant days when men used to swing the wooden flails in their

to the thresher. The thresher's outfit includes the machine itself, a steam-engine, a water-wagon to supply the engine, and in some cases a portable kitchen—a cooking-house on wheels, where food is cooked for the twenty or twenty-five men who are employed. Loudly whir the wheels while the grain is being threshed about on the inside of the big machine. One by one the kernels are separated from their tiny husks; they fall at last into little elevator-cups, and are hoisted to the top of the machine to flow downward through a smooth tube into the waiting

wagon. The plan used to be to pour the grain from measures, bushel by bushel, into sacks; but on many of the large farms, where every

wheat is not as high as the farmer thinks it should be, the wheat in bundles is drawn to the farm-house, or to some central point upon the farm, and there carefully built up into round stacks.

After the threshing, the grain is stored in the bulging bins at the farm-houses, or in some cases is drawn directly to the cars on the railroad track, which is built out to the farm just to haul away the thousands and thousands of bushels of wheat. Sometimes a single acre of ground will produce thirty or even thirty-five bushels of wheat, and often the

moment of time is so precious, the grain is run into the wagons and there measured. Often as many as two thousand bushels are threshed in a day.

It is an interesting thing to note that the machinery is run entirely by steam, the strong engine near at hand furnishing the power. This same engine, when the day's work is done, draws the thresher and all the thresher's outfit to the next stopping-place, its broad wheels enabling it to pass over all ordinary country roads. It is a strange sight indeed, this puffing, snorting steam-engine, so different in shape from the regular railroad engine, passing along a dusty road in the twilight of a summer day, pulling a big, heavy threshing-machine behind it, and maybe a wagon or two besides. The fuel for the engine is almost entirely straw—the

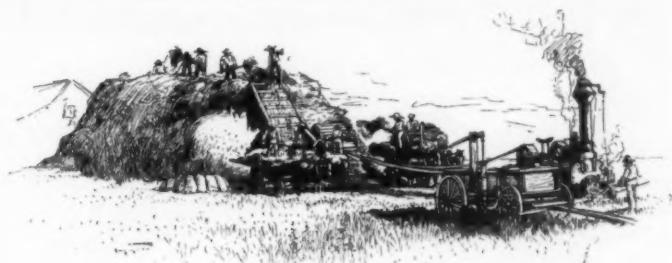
straw which remains after the wheat-kernels have been threshed out. Sometimes, if the weather seems favorable and if the price of

average throughout a county will be from fifteen to twenty-two bushels per acre. So you see when there are millions of acres of land to harvest, there are many millions of bushels of wheat to be carried. Sometimes there falls upon the regions a "car-famine": the farmers cannot get cars enough to ship their grain, and the railroads seek—or should seek—by every possible means to get cars for carrying wheat to the cities.

Along in late September the wheat, from a farm in northwestern Minnesota,—we will say from the region known as the Red River Val-

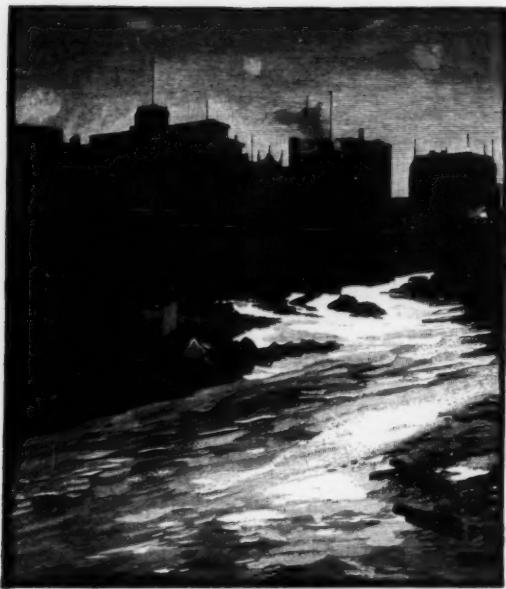


A MODERN STEAM-THERSHER READY FOR THE ROAD.



STACKING WHEAT IN THE FIELD.

ley,—starts for the East to encounter strange adventures. Miles upon miles the train rumbling passes along, and at last, one fine crisp



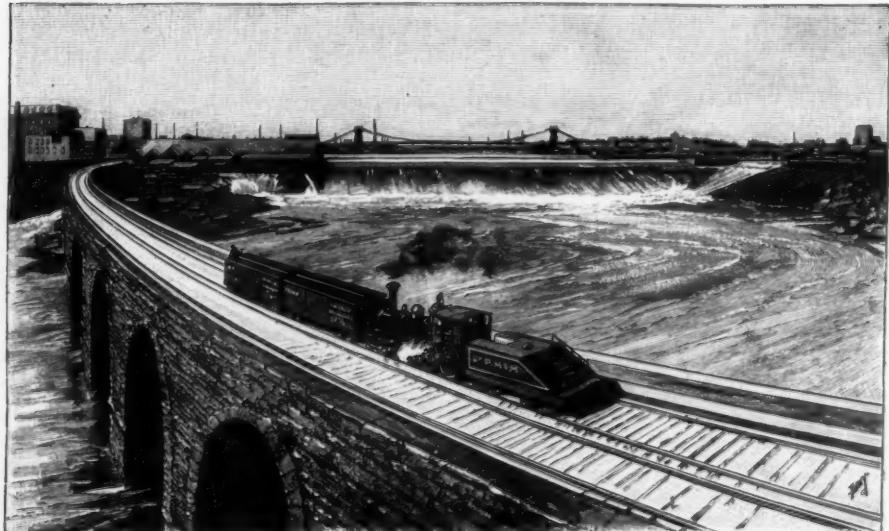
AT THE BACK OF THE MILLS.

day, halts alongside of an immense building. It is a great grain-elevator many stories high, with room to store 2,000,000 bushels of wheat—an amount so vast we cannot begin to ap-

preciate it. The grain is swiftly drawn up in tin or zinc cups on an endless belt to the top of the elevator, away up above the smoky city near which the elevator stands, and there, nearly 200 feet from the ground, it is weighed. Then it is carried in a neat little pocket fastened to another endless belt, with hundreds of other companion pockets, to one of the many bins in the elevator. Just think of a building nearly as long as an ordinary city block, twice as wide as an ordinary street, 175 feet high, with a passenger elevator in it, all built of wood with a slate roof and corrugated iron sides—this whole immense building for the storing of wheat, and nothing else! Sometimes these mammoth elevators catch fire and burn, and then the loss is great, not only to the owners, but to the world, for there is never too much grain. An elevator burned between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul a year or two ago, and for more than eight months

the fire did not go out in the smoldering wheat which lay under the debris many feet thick.

Before many days there comes a call from a



THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

big city mill for wheat to grind. The mills which are situated in the city of Minneapolis are among the largest in the world. A great portion of the flour which is used in the world to-day is ground in these mills. It would make one's head swim to try to comprehend the figures which are printed about the enormous output of these mills.

They are situated on both sides of the Mississippi River, at the Falls of St. Anthony, a wide break in the river which affords a magnificent water-power, one of the most powerful in the world. Some of the mills are fitted out with steam-engines, too; but nearly all of them depend on the water from the river. The falls afford the power. The water enters the mills on the level of the river, falling for eighteen or twenty feet down upon the

water-wheels which turn the machinery of the mill. These wheels—turbine-wheels they are called—are generally set horizontally in a large pit. Sometimes they are vertical; but in either case the water, as it is allowed to rush in through a gateway, strikes against cups or pockets at the outer edge of the wheel, causing this movable edge to whirl with wonderful rapidity and force.

After it has performed its mission, the water rushes in a yellow, foaming flood out of small sluiceways, and passes onward down the river to the distant Gulf of Mexico.

When the wheat-car reaches the mill to which it is bound, it is drawn right through the mill by the puffing engine. Below are three or four stories, and above five or six more.

There is a narrow passageway between two

huge mills, where the wheat is again weighed on a pair of large scales, and soon after is carried upward in an elevator-cup similar to the

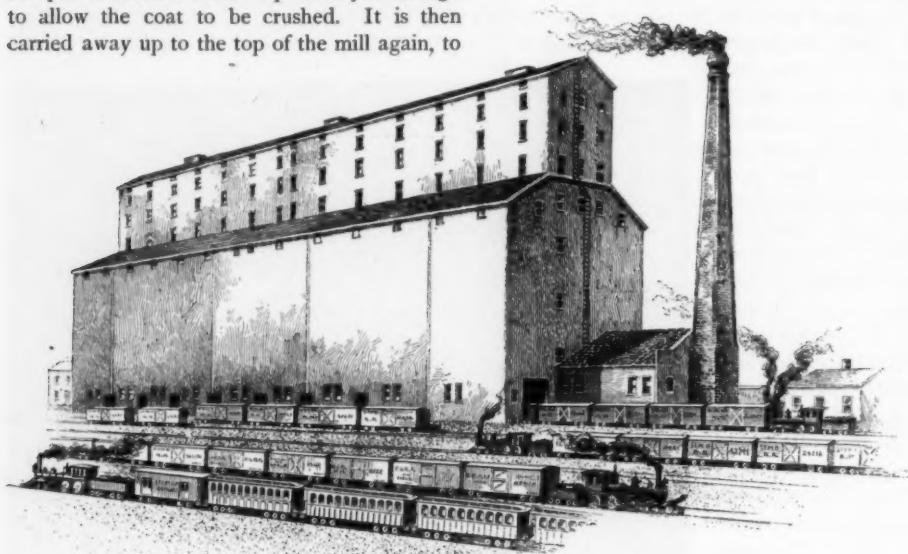


PACKING THE FLOUR.

one on the belt in the elevator building. It goes rapidly to the top of the mill, and then is sent swiftly down again into a snug, strong, box-like machine about five feet high and two or three feet wide.

The noises on the inside of the mill are deafening. One who has never been in a flouring-mill of the largest size cannot realize what a peculiar lot of noises are made by the machinery. As soon as the wheat enters the machine from the long spout which brings it down from the upper floors, it falls between two rollers of iron—"chilled" iron they call it, and very hard iron it is, too. One of these rollers revolves rapidly, the other more slowly, in order that the separation of the coat, or bran, from the kernel may be more easily accomplished. The wheat

first passes between rollers separated just enough to allow the coat to be crushed. It is then carried away up to the top of the mill again, to



A GRAIN-ELEVATOR.

a room where the sun vainly tries to shine in through the flour-coated windows far above the city's roofs. It next passes over a wire sieve which separates the bran from the kernel proper.

This bran, which contains much of the flour material, again passes down and is ground once more, this process being repeated four times, making five grindings, each one finer than the one preceding it. Each time the fibrous or bran portions are more completely separated, and at last the bran comes out a clear, brownish husk with every particle of flour removed.

The inside part of the kernel has meanwhile been going through a very interesting process. After the first grinding or breaking, it passes to a big six-sided revolving reel covered with a fine wire netting or sieve. Through this reel the finer portions of the kernel pass, coming out in what is called "middlings," a granulated mass which goes back to the rollers for another crushing. This process is repeated through five reels, all but the first being of silk. The last one has one hundred and twenty threads to the lin-

eal inch. The flour which comes out of the fifth reel, while white in hue, is yet not of the finest or "patent" grade, but is classed as "baker's" or second-grade flour.

The middlings above referred to are purified by an interesting process. They are passed over a fine wire sieve, through the upper part of which a strong current of air is passed. This holds in suspense the tiny portions of fibrous matter which may have been in the flour, and at last, after this process of middlings-purifying has been very carefully carried out, the flour appears a spotless, snowy white,—the "patent" flour, as it is called. In the process of grinding in this gradual and repeated way, the germ of the wheat, a tiny particle about the size of a mustard-seed, is separated from the white flour. It is what one might call the life-part of the wheat. If it were ground up, it would not leave the patent flour so white and powdery, so it is separated in one of the sievings, and passes into the darker or lower-grade flour. It contains, however, the best and most nutritious part of the wheat.

The last thing that happens to the pulverized kernel, before it is ready for market, is

the filling of barrels or sacks. Down many stories through a smooth tube comes the white or "patent" flour. Under the tube is the barrel or the sack, as the case may be, and, as it begins to fill, a steel auger, just the size of the barrel, bores down into the flour, packing it carefully and solidly beneath the broad blades.

Out into the world the finished flour goes at last. Sometimes, when fierce-eyed famine stalks abroad, car-load after car-load of flour is sent from these well-stored mills to feed the famishing. Even now thousands of peasants in Russia are living upon flour ground in these very mills.

Sometimes the mills get full of fine, invisible dust (flour-dust, as it is called), and then there is danger ahead. Once, several years ago, in one of the great Minneapolis mills, this fine dust became very abundant; some one lighted a match, a terrible explosion followed, the mill was demolished, and a number of the men were killed outright. The great building of stone, many stories high, and strong enough to last for centuries, was thrown down as a little child would overturn a pile of blocks. Very fortunate it was that the terrible accident occurred when there were comparatively few workmen in the mill. The utmost care is now taken to keep the mills clear of this fatal dust, and the floors are swept daily and thoroughly.

The mills of Minneapolis have a great capacity, grinding often 36,000 barrels of flour in a

day. One mill, or a series of mills owned by a single firm, grinds up 40,000 bushels of wheat a day, making 9000 barrels of flour. About four and one third bushels of wheat make a barrel of flour. The mills run night and day, and several thousand men are employed in them.

From the day the wheat-kernel feels the first



DESTRUCTION OF A MILL BY EXPLOSION OF FLOUR-DUST.

quickening of life down in the warm, rich soil of the wide prairies, until it comes upon the tables of the rich and the poor to give them strength for their toil, its history is one of many curious changes, its mission of enormous importance to mankind.

W. S. Harwood.



He Prince's OURCIOLES

As the Prince and a Page were coming from a game of tennis, a newsboy ran along crying: "Extra—extra-a! Here y' are; extra-a! Ter'ble los' life!"

"Boy!" called the Prince.

"Extra?" asked the boy.

"Yes, please," answered the Prince, drawing a gold coin from his purse.

"I can't change that," said the boy.

"Never mind the change," said the Prince. The boy's eyes sparkled. He hastily handed over two papers, and ran off with the coin, shouting as before, while heads popped from windows and people tried to find out the news without paying for it.

Meanwhile the Prince and the Page read their papers.

EXTRA.

THE PRINCESS PARAGON!
POSSIBLY PERISHING!!
ALONE AND ADRIFT!!
ROYALTY TO THE RESCUE!!!

By this time both had dropped the rackets and were reading rapidly down the big print so as to get at the facts. The finer print told the story in simple words.

The position of the Princess Paragon—at present entirely unknown—is for that very reason most alarming. With her Royal Father she this morning went sailing in their private yacht. In spite of His Majesty's well-known skill with tiller and tackle, he lost control for an instant of the stanch little vessel, and, fearing the worst, courageously jumped overboard and waded ashore, intending to bring assistance to her Royal Highness, the unfortunate Princess. Having lost one of his shoes in the wet sand, His Majesty was so delayed by his efforts to find it that the yacht had drifted beyond reach of those on shore before the fishermen sent by the intrepid King could reach the beach.



Distracted by his loss, the King now most generously offers his daughter's hand and a princely dowry, also half his Kingdom (subject to a first and second mortgage), to the noble youth who shall restore to him his daughter and the valuable necklace of diamonds she wears.

We commend the quest to the young Prince and the brave youths of his court. Further particulars in the regular edition this afternoon. The boat, we learn, was fully insured.

"There!" said the Page, throwing aside the paper. "That's just what I'm looking for!"

"What is that?" asked the Prince, as he folded his paper and put it in his pocket.

"An opportunity to distinguish myself—to become renowned!" said the Page, proudly.

"You shall have it," answered the Prince, graciously. "You have always served me well, and you play tennis nearly as well as I do." (The score that afternoon was six sets love in favor of the Page.)

"Then you are willing I should try this adventure?" asked the Page, in surprise.

"Certainly," replied the Prince. "I shall take you with me, of course."

"Oh!" said the Page, in quite a different tone. He had been surprised at the Prince's generosity, but now he understood it better. Then he turned to the Prince and said, "When shall you start?"

"In a few days, I think," said the Prince, as he stooped to pick up his racket. "It depends on how long it will take to decide upon the best plan, to get things ready, and to pack up my robes, and put my fleet in order."

"Indeed!" said the Page. Then he added, "As I'm quite willing to go alone, because I'm in a hurry, I think I won't wait. In fact, I'll start now."

Then, coolly turning on his heel, he walked

off down the street, leaving his racket where it had fallen, and the Prince where he stood.

"His last week's wages are n't paid, either," said the Prince to himself; "and I don't believe he 'll ever come back for that racket of his. Reckless boy!"

The Prince picked up the racket and went leisurely home to the palace, where he was received by two long lines of footmen, who bowed low as he entered.

There were quail on toast for supper, and the Prince was so fond of these little birds that he ate seven of them, and was so busied over it that he could not find time to say a word until he was quite done. The Queen was telling the King all about a new gown; and the King was thinking how he could persuade the treasurer that there was a little too much money instead of much too little; and the Jester was wondering what chance he might have to make a living as a farmer; and the nobles were trying to attract the King's attention; so there was hardly a word spoken at the table until the Prince was quite through with his seven small birds.

Then said the Prince:

"Oh, by the way, Papa, I almost forgot to ask you something. Will you please tell the treasurer to give me three or four bags of gold to-morrow? I 'm going to take a little journey."

But the King at first paid no attention.

"What did you say?" he asked, at length.

"You tell him," suggested the Prince to the Jester.

So the Jester

gave the King a hasty outline of the news in the paper, and told him that the Prince thought of going in search of the Princess. The King took little interest in the story until there was mention of the three or four bags of gold. Then he awoke to animation.

"To be sure," he cried. "It is an excellent plan. I will give you an order on the treasurer for six bags of gold, and I will keep the rest so as to send out a search expedition for you when you get lost."

The King knew the treasurer would not dare refuse the money for so worthy an object as the rescue of a princess adrift. Even if the treasurer did not want to give up the money, the people would never support an economy that would keep the Prince from so worthy an expedition. Indeed, the King's order was at once obeyed, and the Prince began his preparations.

First the Prince called a council of the wisest of the court.

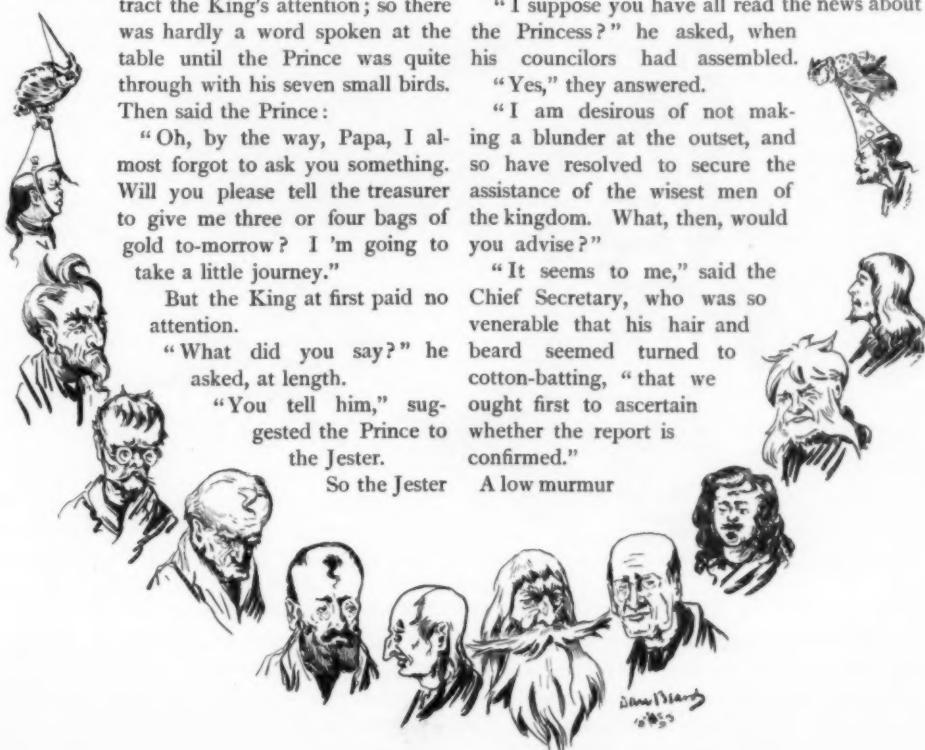
"I suppose you have all read the news about the Princess?" he asked, when his councilors had assembled.

"Yes," they answered.

"I am desirous of not making a blunder at the outset, and so have resolved to secure the assistance of the wisest men of the kingdom. What, then, would you advise?"

"It seems to me," said the Chief Secretary, who was so venerable that his hair and beard seemed turned to cotton-batting, "that we ought first to ascertain whether the report is confirmed."

A low murmur



SOME OF THE COUNCILORS.

of assent arose from them all; and the Prince, accepting the suggestion, said: "Let us then appoint a committee of investigation. Who knows how to go about the appointing of a committee?"

The Prince thought the request was very reasonable, and announced that the council would meet again in two days. So they separated, and the Prince betook himself to the



"HIS MAJESTY COURAGEOUSLY JUMPED OVERBOARD AND WADED ASHORE."

After a brief pause for consideration, another old courtier arose and said that he had a neighbor who was skilled in such matters, and if they would take an adjournment for a day or two he would ascertain just how to go about it.

tennis-courts again, this time, however, with another page. The Prince found during the games that the former page's racket was a very good one; and this reminded him that the owner of it had started to seek the lost Princess.

Suddenly stopping the game, he said to one of his attendants :

" On second thought, I think I ought not to have sent after the man who knows how to appoint a committee. Suppose you go after the man who went after him, and tell him to come back."

Away went the attendant, and the Prince returned to the palace, resolved to prosecute the search with vigor. The council was again called together, and the Prince told them that without waiting to verify the report of the loss of the Princess, he meant to seek her at once.

" But in which direction will you go ? " asked the Court Geographer.

" Oh, in any direction ! " said the Prince, indifferently. " There is no telling where a boat may drift to."

" In that case," said the Court Mathematician, smiling, " the chances are about one in three hundred and sixty that you will hit upon the right way. Let me show you."

So the Court Mathematician sent a page to the kitchen for some beans. Away ran the boy; only to return in a few moments with the report that the cook wished to know whether he wanted " a pint, or a quart, or how many ? "

" I want three hundred and sixty white ones, and one black one," said the Mathematician.

This time the page was gone a long while. When he returned, he explained that it took the cook longer to count the beans than one would think. That they had disagreed, and had counted them twice, to make sure; and then had to send to the grocer's for a black bean, since there was none in the palace.

" There was no need of that," said the Mathematician, impatiently. " I can mark one of the white ones, and it will do quite as well."

So the page ran to overtake the messenger who had started for the grocer's, and meanwhile the Mathematician made an ink mark on one of the white beans, put them all into a hat, and shook them well. " Now, draw one," he said, offering the hat to the Prince.

The Prince drew one. It was the marked bean.

" Well," he said, " what does that prove ? "

" It really does n't prove anything," said the Mathematician, a little out of temper. " Try again." So the Prince returned the marked white bean to the hat, and, after they were well

shaken, drew again. This time he drew a plain bean.

" You see," said the Mathematician, triumphantly.

" What do I see ? " asked the Prince.

" You did n't get the right one."

" But I did the first time," argued the Prince. " All your experiment proves is that I may hit it right the first time, and miss it the second, if I should try again. But if I hit it right the first time, I sha'n't have to try over again; so your rule does n't apply. Is n't that so ? "

" It does sound reasonable," answered the Mathematician, who was honest though clever.

" Perhaps you'd like to go home and try the experiment for yourself," said the Prince, kindly.

The Mathematician borrowed the beans, and went home, promising to send a written report of his trials after a few days.

" Now that we have settled the mathematical side of the question," said the Court Meteorologist, " we can go at the problem scientifically. Here is the way it appears to me, your Royal Highness."

Then the Meteorologist unrolled a map and pinned it on the wall.

" The present position of the lost Princess," said he, " depends upon the joint action of the winds and tides. The Gulf Stream has little or nothing to do with the problem, as the boat was abandoned beyond the sphere of its influence. The trade-winds for a similar reason may perhaps be disregarded. There is no question here of simoom or sirocco, and —"

" Maybe it would be as well to leave out the things that have nothing to do with it," suggested the Prince, a little impatiently.

" But how shall we know what to leave out unless we go over them to see ? " asked the lecturer.

" True," said the Prince; " but as that will take some time, you might run over the list at home and report to me, say, the day after to-morrow."

" I will do so," replied the Meteorologist, rolling up his map and departing with an air of great importance.

" I don't see," remarked the Prince, uneasily, " that we are making real progress."

" There has been nothing but nonsense, so

far," said a bluff old Admiral. "What *I* say is to take a boat and go after the young lady in shipshape style!"

The Prince was so much encouraged by this direct way of putting the matter that he let the undignified mention of the Princess pass without reproof.

"And what would you advise?" he asked the Admiral.

"Take the fastest brigantine you can find—" began the officer; but he was interrupted.

"In a case of less importance," broke in the voice of a portly Commodore, "I should not venture to interrupt my superior officer. But here the matter admits of no false hesitation because of etiquette."

"What suggestion have you to make?" inquired the Prince.

"A brigantine," the Commodore said impressively, "is an unreliable craft at best. I say, take a frigate, at once."

"Pshaw!" broke in the Admiral explosively.

"Gentlemen," said the perplexed Prince, "I cannot presume to decide between you. I am a novice in these matters. Suppose you discuss the question fully, and report in writing?"

When the naval officers had departed, there were left only a few small fry who asked that they might have a day or two to think the whole matter over before committing themselves to a decided opinion. Upon their withdrawal, the Prince found only the Jester.

"Perhaps," said the Prince, a little sarcastically, "you have some advice to give?"

"Perhaps," replied the Jester; "but first I have a plan to suggest."

"What is that?"

"You might take a small army and go after the page who started out to seek the Princess. By the time you have come up with him, he will perhaps have found her. Then you can sail in and take her away from him, and bring her home yourself. That's the way kings and princes often do."

"But that seems hardly fair," said the Prince, after a few moments' reflection.

"Of course it is n't fair," said the Jester; "but it's your only chance. I have no doubt he has found the Princess long ago."

"Do you think so?" asked the Prince.

"No doubt of it," said the Jester. "You see, he did n't wait for any advice, but started off at once."

"Is n't advice a good thing?"

"Yes," said the Jester, "for lawyers and councilors. They make their living by it. Advice is good, when it's good; but the best qualities are hard to find, and the time it takes to find them is sometimes worth more than the advice when found."

"Then you would n't advise me to take advice?" said the Prince, thoughtfully.

"My advice is," said the Jester, "don't take mine, or anybody's."

"Is n't that rather a difficult course to follow?" asked the Prince, after a moment's reflection.

"Very," the Jester agreed.

"I think," the Prince went on, "that I shall start now, and take my chances."

"I'll go with you," replied his companion.

So they started toward the palace gate; but just as they reached it and had called for the gate-keeper, there came a summons from without. When the gate was opened there was the Page. He seemed weary, and his shoes showed that he had traveled a long way on foot.

"Did you find the Princess?" asked the Prince, eagerly.

"Yes," said the Page, very calmly. "I found her."

"Fortunate boy!" said the Prince, a little enviously.

"I don't know about that," said the Page. "She was as cross as two sticks about having been left to go adrift. It rained, you know; and when I rowed out to the yacht, I found that everything on board was soaking wet, and she had n't had anything to eat for two days, and—my goodness!—she was hopping mad!"

"What did she say?" asked the Jester.

"She said she'd like to box my ears," said the Page, earnestly. "Then I told her if she was n't more polite I would n't rescue her. That quieted her, quick! So then she did n't say anything, but she looked about as pleasant as cold gravy. As soon as I towed the boat ashore, she gave me some money and told me to get along home. So I did, and I was glad to get away. I did n't tell her who I was,

and I don't think she will ever find me. You won't tell, will you?" pleaded the Page, as he finished.

"No," said the Prince, laughing. "I won't

suppose I'm entitled to the reward. Now, can't you arrange it that you'll marry the Princess? I think she'll just suit you. She is a fine-looking Princess, and I don't believe



THE COUNCILORS RETURN TO THE PALACE WITH THEIR REPORTS.

tell. But perhaps you did n't treat the Princess with proper courtesy. No wonder she was out of humor, after being adrift so long."

"I'll tell you," said the Page, suddenly, "what we'll do. I found the Princess, and I

she meant to be cross. Do you think you can arrange it? It would be a splendid thing for the kingdom, you know. It would unite the two kingdoms, and there'd be all sorts of advantages. You can say that I went with your

permission, you know, and that I'm engaged to be married, and would n't presume to aspire to a princess's hand."

"It's a good suggestion," said the Jester; "for otherwise there'll be war, of course. The other king will be bound to know why this young man won't accept his daughter's hand, and then there'll be a lot of diplomatic correspondence, ultimatums, protocols, and all sorts of goings-on. If you don't mind, I think you would do well to marry this Princess."

"I don't mind at all," answered the Prince; "and I think I'll write a letter to her this very day. But how," he went on, turning to the Page, "did you come to be engaged? I did n't know anything about it."

"The fact is," said the Page, "I'm not quite engaged; but there's one of the maids of honor who will have me, I'm sure. She told me the other day that she wished it was leap-year every day; and I think that's a distinct encouragement, don't you?"

His friend agreed that it was a marked observation.

"You'll be safe for a day or two," remarked the Jester to the Page; "and meanwhile you can be getting your clothes brushed and your shoes mended. The Prince will write to-day."

Early on the following morning, as the Prince came down to breakfast, he was told that a deputation was awaiting him in the Council-Room. "Who are they?" he asked.

"The Councilors with their reports," answered the messenger.

"But," said the Prince, "they are—"

"Hush!" said the Jester; "let us not lose their words of wisdom."

"Very well," the Prince agreed, smiling.

So the Prince, the Jester, and the Page entered the room where the Council were assembled. All bowed profoundly.

"Your Royal Highness," began the Secretary, "in order to verify the report of the loss of the Princess, I sent an inquiry to a friend of mine who stands very high in favor at her father's court. It was thus worded: 'Is the Royal Princess absent from the Court?' And I have his sealed reply: 'She is not.' That I consider conclusive. Is it not?"

"Yes," said the Jester; "it is not."

"I have no doubt," said the Prince, "that your information is correct; and I thank you for your diligence."

The Secretary bowed and was seated.

"I," began the Meteorologist, "have prepared a list of the things that may be disregarded in the search. It contains 872 items, with two appendices and voluminous notes. I will read it."

"Never mind," said the Prince, very graciously. "I will order it filed in the Royal Archives. We will now listen to the Mathematician."

"I have tried the bean-experiment several hundreds of times," said the Mathematician, "and have not yet succeeded in drawing the marked bean. The formula of chances I have worked out. I find that 'If Henry puts 360 white beans into a hat, and John draws a good many times, no one can tell whether he will draw the marked bean the first time, or not at all.' I consider that an exact statement of the matter."

"I am not prepared to dispute you," said the Prince, "and I will ask leave therefore to express my indebtedness to you."

"We," said the Admiral, speaking for himself and the Commodore, "I regret to say, have as yet arrived at nothing more advanced than a compromise. We have agreed to recommend a squadron composed of equal numbers of brigantes and frigates. Thus you will secure the advantages of both forms of craft."

"A wise conclusion," said the Prince; "and I gladly offer to you both my fervent gratitude."

A few of the smaller fry of Councilors yet remained to be heard, but the Prince announced that he had bestowed upon each councilor The Order of the Brazen Owl. But, as he was about to leave the room, the Councilors, after a moment's consultation, begged permission to ask a question. It was granted.

"We should like to know what use Your Highness wished to make of the information we have furnished?"

"To find the Princess who was lost," answered the Prince.

"Oh, yes," said the Councilors' spokesman. "We had forgotten what it was all about. But it's of no consequence now."

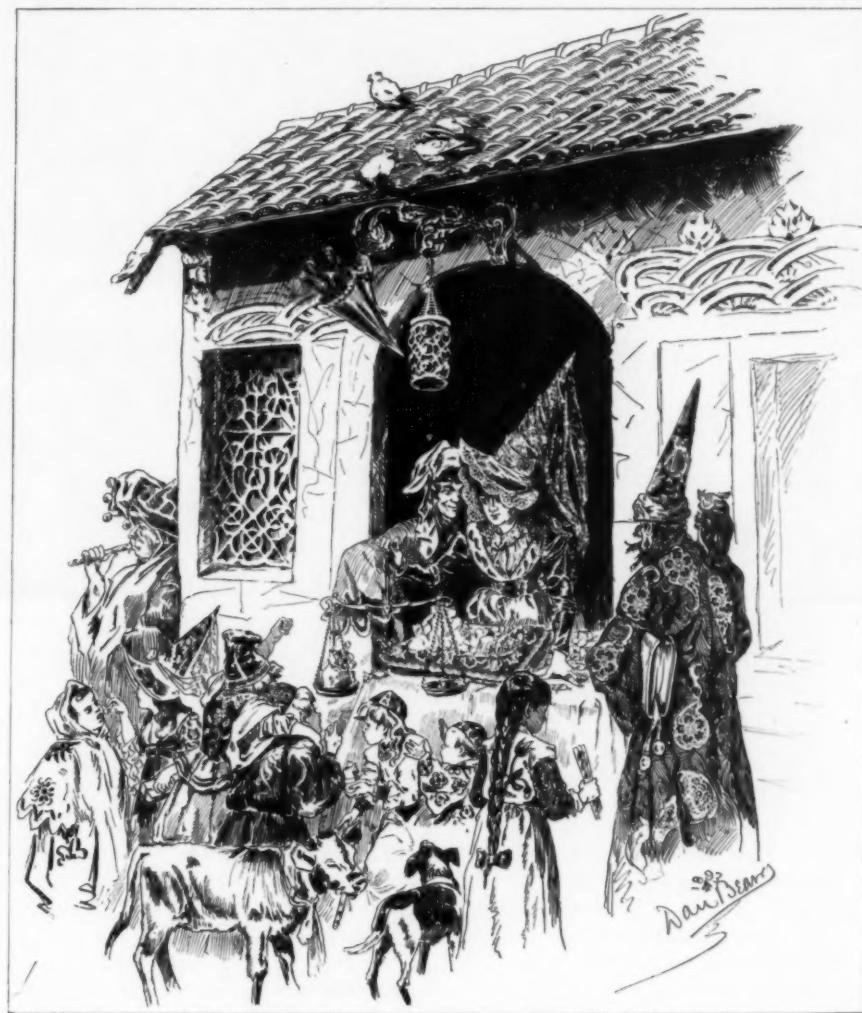
"No," said the Prince; "she is rescued."

"Indeed?" said the Councilors, with polite interest. Then they put on their cloaks, and went their several ways, all reading their reports to one another, and none listening.

The Prince and Princess were married soon

ship. The vessel is several days overdue, but undoubtedly will arrive in safety after the Admiral and the Commodore have settled a little difference of opinion as to where they had better land.

The Page and the Maid of Honor are mar-



THE PAGE AND THE MAID OF HONOR KEEP A CANDY-STORE.

after, and the Page and the Maid of Honor were best man and bridesmaid.

The Prince pensioned the Councilors and sent them to America. They all sailed in one

ried, and keep a candy-store where they sell a dollar's worth of candy for five cents. They sent me the address, but you'll be sorry to learn that I have mislaid it.

Tudor Jenks.



LOUIS LOEB 1893

THE ORCHARD ON THE HILL.

By MAURICE THOMPSON

GRANDFATHER'S home!—that dear old place,
A house with gables wide
Embowered in trees, a great red barn
With haystacks at its side,
A brook spanned by a rustic bridge,
A gloomy, rumbling mill,
And set against a dreamy sky
An orchard on a hill!

Oh, every summer I go there,
When school is out, to stay;
I look for hens' nests, drink new milk,
And tumble on the hay.

Grandfather is the best of men,—
He lets me start the mill,—
And oh, the pippins growing in
The orchard on the hill!

Grandmother's old, too, but so sweet!
She's sprightly, though she's gray;
She feeds the chickens, milks the cows,
And churns, 'most every day,
Such yellow butter! And her pies
The pastry-cupboard fill;
They're made of yellow harvests from
The orchard on the hill.

Across the farm I love to run,
 Through fields of grass and grain,
 And fight the thistles by the brook,
 The mulleins in the lane.
 I love the dear old garden set
 With rosemary, rue, and dill;
 But best of all, and most of all,
 The orchard on the hill!

Oh, the berries from the briers!
 Oh, the melons green and gold!
 We put them in the spring-house
 To make them good and cold;
 And from the beehives, now and then,
 A honey-bowl we fill,
 To sweeten our baked quinces from
 The orchard on the hill.

At night Grandfather tells me tales
 Of long and long ago,
 Grandmother knits and knits and smiles
 To see her stocking grow,
 While all outdoors it is so calm,
 So dusky and so still,
 And then the moon rolls up behind
 The orchard on the hill.

At nine o'clock we have our prayer,
 And then I go to bed,
 Away off in the darkest room,
 And cover up my head,
 'Most scared to death, and listen to
 The lonesome whippoorwill
 Calling to its mate across
 The orchard on the hill.



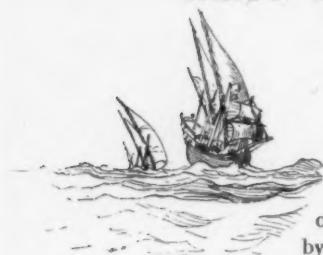
THE CRICKET KEPT THE HOUSE.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

'T WAS not as lonesome as it might have been;
 A little sunbeam oftentimes looked in,
 And played upon the hearth, and on the wall.
 Your picture smiled at mine. But, best of all,
 The cricket kept the house while we were gone,
 And sung from dawn to dark, from dark to dawn.

SANTO DOMINGO AND THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

BY EUSTACE B. ROGERS.



SANTO DOMINGO is the oldest city built by Europeans now standing in the western hemisphere. It was founded by the brother of Columbus, and is said by some to have been named after their father, Domenico, and by others to have received its name because it was on Sunday that the ship sent from the north arrived there—Santo Domingo meaning “holy Sunday.” Curiously enough, its founding was the result of a quarrel.

On the northern shore of Hispaniola, as the island of Santo Domingo was then called, was Isabella, the first Spanish colony in the New World. There, one day, a young Spaniard named Miguel Diaz, one of the followers of Columbus, stabbed a companion in a fight; and, afraid of the anger of Columbus, he fled into the mountains and went toward the south. After wandering for some days, he came to a river, and following it to where it emptied into the sea, found a tribe of Indians called the Ozamas. They had heard of the wonderful white men who had landed on their island,



SANTO DOMINGO, FROM THE SEA.

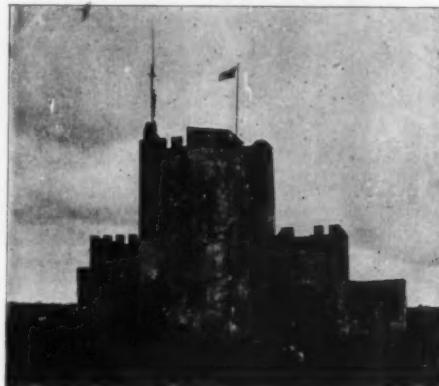
and they received him with awe, but with kindness and hospitality, and took him before their queen, Zameaca, who was famous for her beauty and gentleness. He had not lived long with them when Zameaca lost her heart to the fair-faced Spaniard, and they were married. For a time all went well, but Diaz soon tired of the simple life; and his wife, to please him, told him of gold to be found in the river Jayna, and guided him to it. Diaz then went back in haste to Isabella, knowing that the news of the discovery would secure his pardon,—as it did. He guided his avaricious companions to the golden stream, and afterward to the mouth of the Ozama River. There Columbus chose the place for the town. It was begun in 1496, and it was called Santo Domingo.

The Spaniards ill-treated and made slaves of the simple Indians, and Zameaca, seeing the evils she had brought upon her people, fled to the mountains and was never heard of afterward. The new city grew and prospered until the year 1502, when it was entirely destroyed by a frightful hurricane, and was rebuilt on the other bank of the river. There it stands to-day, not much changed from the Santo Domingo of four centuries ago.

It is very curious to go from one of our cities, with its new, bright, tall buildings and its broad streets alive with the hum and bustle of business, to this sleepy old Spanish town, where (on account of the earthquakes) the houses are rarely more than one story high, and are painted various colors—blue, green, brown or red; where the narrow streets have sidewalks only three feet wide, and where nobody is ever in a hurry; and to remember, as one walks over the town, that those streets were once trodden by Pizarro, who gathered there the first money that enabled him to start on the expedition that conquered Peru; by Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico; by Ponce de Leon, who discovered Florida; by Balboa, the first European who saw the Pacific Ocean; by Ojeda, who discovered Venezuela; and by Columbus himself, and his brothers and his son, and the companions of his voyages.

The city is situated just at the mouth of the river, where once rode at anchor the caravels of Columbus. It is on a bluff, and surrounded by

a massive wall which seems very formidable; but it is crumbling, and the cannon were carried away years ago. On the point at the river entrance stands the Homenaje, or castle, erected in 1506. It seems as solid and massive

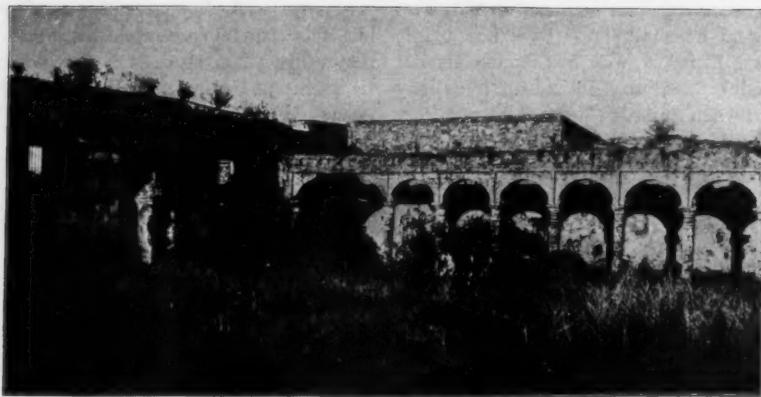


THE CASTLE, BUILT IN 1506.

as the day it was built, with its battlements and walls and high signal-tower. All about it are the barracks where, in the old days, ten thousand Spanish soldiers lived—those strong and hardy adventurers who conquered Mexico and Peru. Now about a hundred San Domingoan troops are quartered there, and queer-looking soldiers they are: all negroes, dressed in a uniform of blue jeans trimmed with red braid—ragged, lazy, impudent.

Landing at the Custom-house, the city is entered by the Diego Gate, where the wall is thirty feet high. Just inside, on the right, is a roofless ruin, now a stable and chicken-house. It was once the palace of the governor, Diego Columbus, son of the great admiral. Walking along the wall to the left, past old buildings, the sun-dial of Columbus is to be seen. It is still in use. From there the street leads to the oldest church in the New World, built in 1507. It contains a beautiful chapel and a curious old pulpit. The pulpit rests on the open jaws of a carved wooden snake rising from a coil upon the floor. Back of this church are the ruins of the first American university.

The principal building in the city is the cathedral, which faces the great plaza or square containing a fine statue of Columbus. It is a



THE OLD BARRACKS NEAR THE CASTLE.

large structure, shaped like a cross, and built in 1542. The interior is imposing. The lofty arches, the great pillars, the carved altar, give it an air of solemnity. In one of its chapels, set into the wall, is the old mahogany cross which Columbus placed on a hill near by. On the right of the high altar is another chapel, small and dark. At its end, stretched out on a tomb, is the ghostly figure in white marble of some old archbishop who lived long years ago. At his feet, behind a dim lamp that always burns, is a low door which leads into a dark vault lighted only by a small and heavily barred window. In the center of the vault is a wooden box, and in that a box of glass, and in that a casket of lead which contains all that is left of Columbus, the renowned navigator.

How this box was found, after having been unknown for over three centuries, is a very curious story. But first let us see how it came to be in Santo Domingo.

Columbus

was sixty years of age when he returned to Spain from his last voyage. Queen Isabella was dying. Ferdinand was indifferent to the fortunes of the man who had added a world to his crown. Columbus was worn out, his spirit broken by his many disappointments, and his great strength exhausted by the hardships of his life. Poor, friendless, and alone, he died at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506, and was buried in the convent of Saint Francis in that city. A few years later his remains were removed to Seville, and in 1541 were taken to Santo Domingo and placed in the vaults of the cathedral; and in the same church were buried later the remains of his brother, his son, and his grandson. None of these tombs seems to have been marked, or, if they were, all records of the places were lost. The city was bombard ed by Sir Francis Drake in 1585, and one of his cannon-balls can still be seen buried in the masonry of the roof of the old



VIEW SHOWING THE RUINS OF THE PALACE OF DIEGO COLUMBUS.



THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTO DOMINGO.

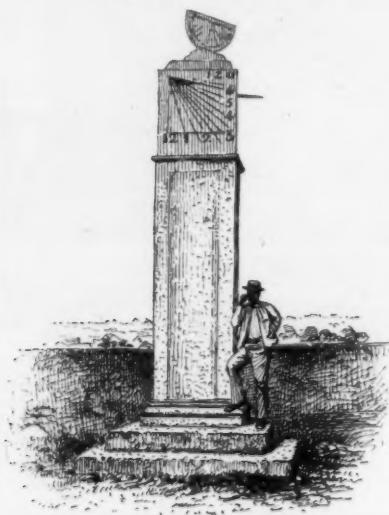
cathedral; and at this time the records were all destroyed.

In 1795 Spain made a treaty by which Santo Domingo was given to France; but it was understood that Spain was to be allowed to remove her most precious possessions, and among these she included the remains of Columbus. So, on December 11, 1795, a Spanish fleet arrived off Santo Domingo city, and its admiral said that he had come for the bones of the great discoverer. All the arrangements were made, and everything was done with much show and ceremony, for which the Spaniards are famous. Tradition said that Columbus rested in a vault on the right of the high altar. There a vault was opened in the great wall, and in it were found some slabs of lead, which had originally been a coffin, but which had fallen to pieces. There were no marks nor inscriptions to tell that here were the true tomb and casket of Columbus. But tradition said that he was buried in that spot,



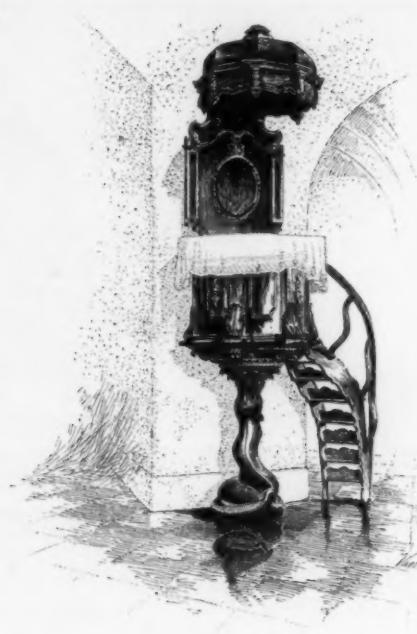
DOOR AT WEST END OF CATHEDRAL.

hence these must be his bones. Don Gabriel de Aristizabel, the Spanish admiral, said they were; and Don Francisco Fernando Portillo y Toms, the archbishop, also said they were; and that settled it, as there was nobody to say that they were not. So they were put in a gilded box, and this was placed in another box covered



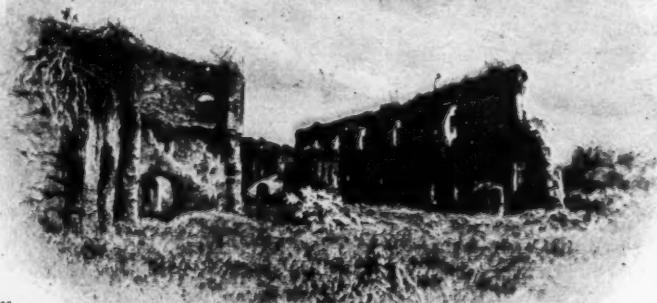
THE COLUMBUS SUN-DIAL.

with black velvet, and, with much ceremony, this was borne out to the man-of-war "San Lorenzo." The fleet sailed away, and these remnants of a coffin were placed in the cathedral at Havana, and thousands have visited the spot and stood in front of what they supposed was the grave of the great navigator. When this removal took place there was great opposition on the part of the people of Santo Domingo, and all sorts of stories were told: one, that the guardians of the cathedral had put the bones of Diego Columbus in



"THE CURIOUS OLD PULPIT RESTS ON THE OPEN JAWS OF A CARVED WOODEN SNAKE RISING FROM A COIL UPON THE FLOOR."

the place of those of Christopher Columbus. But, as time went on, all this uncertainty was forgotten, and the world believed that Columbus' bones were resting in Havana.



RUINS OF THE FIRST AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

One day, nearly a century after these events, some repairs were being made in the cathedral at Santo Domingo, when, quite by accident, a vault was uncovered which proved to belong to Don Luis, the grandson of Columbus. Then the people recalled the long-forgotten story of the substitution of some other coffin for that of Columbus, and it was resolved to search thoroughly. On the right of the high altar another vault was found. It was empty, being the same from which the broken box had been removed over eighty years before. A further search revealed, next to this empty vault, and separated from it only by a single thickness of bricks, another which was found to contain a small box that nobody knew anything about. The vault was immediately sealed up. A few days later the seals were broken, and it was opened in the presence of all the officers of the church and of the state of Santo Domingo, and of all the foreign consuls; and from it was taken a small box made of lead which was found to contain some human bones and dust, a little slab of silver, two screws, and a bullet.

The metal was dull and tarnished with age. As one by one the inscriptions were made out, it became certain that it was the real coffin of Columbus. The inscriptions were all in Spanish. On the top was found this:

D. de la A. p^r A.

which stands for the words: Descubridor de la America, Primero Almirante, meaning: "Discoverer of America, First Admiral." On the inside of the cover was another inscription :

Illtre y Esdo Varon
Don Cristoval Colon.

This stands for the Spanish words :

Illustre y Esclaricido Varon
Don Cristoval Colon,

which, translated, read: "Illustrious and famous man, Don Christopher Columbus."

But the silver plate was the most curious of

all. It had been fixed on the inside of the box, for the holes were found in which the small screws fitted. They had rusted away, and the plate had fallen on the inside. The inscription

U^a p^re de los r'tos
del p^rmer Alte Dⁿ
Cristoval Colon Dr.

was engraved upon one side of the plate; and



STATUE OF COLUMBUS IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

filling out the abbreviated words makes the full text read :

Ultima parte de los restos
del Primero Almirante Don
Cristoval Colon Descubridor.

These words mean: "The last part of the remains of the First Admiral, Don Christopher Columbus, Discoverer."

On the other side of the plate were found Spanish words meaning: "The urn of Christopher Columbus."

For a long time the bullet was a mystery that could not be accounted for; but in one of his letters, written in the last year of his life, Columbus speaks of his wound having reopened. There is no record of his having been shot, but it is believed now that he was struck by a bullet during some of the wars in which he was engaged, before the discovery of America.

The casket has been examined and criticized, but not the least item of proof has

ever been brought out to show that it is not genuine.

So we are now almost certain that the unmarked and broken slabs that were taken to Havana belonged to some one else (probably to Diego, son of Columbus); and we are glad to believe that the bones of Columbus rest, after all these centuries, in the spot where it is best that they should rest—in the great cathedral of his own little city of Santo Domingo.

RAB, TO
THE PHO-
TOGRAPHER.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

"Sit for my picture ?
Of course I
will !
That I am hand-
some is not
amiss.
Eh ? I should say
that I *can*
keep still.
'And now, look
pleasant ?'
Well, how is
this ? "



THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN,
U. S. Consul at Singapore.



IT was on the occasion of the great sporting event of the year at Singapore that I first met that remarkable man, Rajah Brooke of Sarawak.

He had come across in his gunboat from his kingdom to attend the races, and had brought with him a gold cup bearing his arms, which was offered as one of the prizes.

There were a dozen other dignitaries on the grand stand and in the paddock, but the Malay sultans and rajahs, arrayed in all the finery of their native dress, held no place in my thoughts beside the modest, gray-haired man who moved so quietly about, shaking hands with old friends. He possessed a history which was as romantic and soul-inspiring as the wild careers of Pizarro and Cortez; as charming as those of Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson; as adventurous and tragical as those of Captain Kidd or Morgan. And yet it was very unlike the career of any. Like Pizarro, he conquered a kingdom,—a kingdom of tropical jungle and brown-skinned natives,—but, unlike Pizarro, he conquered to build up and not to tear down. Like Robinson Crusoe, the elder Rajah Brooke landed on an equatorial island amid cocoanuts and breadfruit, and built himself a home. Like Morgan the pirate, he engaged in raids and sea-fights in which no quarter was given; but, unlike Morgan, he sought to crush piracy and not to foster it. For this English rajah was the nephew and the successor of the remarkable man who, unaided except by his own feeble means and his own indomitable will, had carved a principality larger than the State of New York out of an unknown island, reduced its savage population to orderly tax-paying citizens, cleared the Borneo and Java seas of their thousands of pirate cruisers, and filled the harbors instead with a merchant fleet engaged in a commerce of nearly five millions a year.

A little later I was introduced to the rajah, whose English title is Sir Charles Brooke, G. C. M. G.* I looked upon him almost as a character out of a wild South Sea tale, come to life. I found him unaffected, genial, and up with the times. He was as familiar with the provisions of our latest "Silver Bill" as he was with the details of the last head-hunting raid on the frontiers of his own country. He was dressed in an ordinary light tweed suit and black derby hat, spoke with a clear, well-bred English accent, but always slowly, as though wearied by his early years of fighting and exposure to the searching heat of the Bornean sun. Although he was unpretentious, yet there was that in his manner which caused one always to bear in mind that one was speaking to the rajah.

A few nights afterward I met him at the Government House at a fancy-dress ball; and while the maskers—as cavalier and roundhead, Arab sheik and Mohammedan hadji, ladies of the court of Louis XIV. and Neapolitan fishermen, Swiss peasant girls and pirates, were waltzing to the strains of the regimental band, I sat down with the rajah in a cool recess, and talked of Sarawak, of its people, its past, and its future. He talked of political matters, and related to me an incident in the Chinese outbreak during the reign of his illustrious uncle. I left the Government House that evening carrying away a lasting impression of his ability, courtesy, and kindness. I understood, I thought, how two such men might turn a tropical jungle into a tropical kingdom, and do it in one man's lifetime.

The life of the first rajah, Sir James Brooke, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., LL. D.,† reads like a romance such as Stevenson or Verne might write. His was a wild, restless nature that in his youth made him dissatisfied with the quiet of his own English home, and with the even tenor of the days about his father's vicarage. He entered the English army, and was danger-

* Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. † Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George,—Doctor of Laws.

ously wounded in leading a charge against a detachment of natives in India. He gave up his commission and retired on a pension about the time he reached manhood.

A long and nearly fatal sickness did not quell his thirst for adventure. He had hardly regained his strength when he started out to explore India, Malaya, and China. He wrote a valuable journal of his wanderings, and returned home fired with the thought of exploring the then unknown islands of the Pacific. The sight of the millions of acres of rich, untilled land that were embraced within the boundaries of some of these islands populated by a race of peaceful, indolent beings, and claimed by no European power, raised in his mind dreams of a great East-Indian Empire.

The death of his father left him with a property worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In spite of the protests of his friends, he very soon proceeded to fit out a small schooner, manned and armed it, and sailed for Singapore, and thence to the northwest coast of Borneo, landing at Kuching, on the Sarawak River, in 1838.

A field of conquest and a hope of empire at once dawned upon him. The province of Sarawak, a dependency of the Sultan of Brunei, was

his fortunes with the weak but rightful ruler. After many marches with his little crew and an army of natives through the almost impenetrable rubber jungles, and after many hard-fought battles, the rebels were dislodged from their forts and order was restored. The young general then interposed between the combatants, and protected the defeated from the revenge of the victors, thereby winning the gratitude of the former and the confidence of both sides.

The sultan conceived a great liking for Brooke, and finding that his native rajah could not rule the province, he arranged that Brooke should become Rajah of Sarawak, as an independent ruler.

Upon his accession to power, Rajah Brooke set about to reform abuses and build up the country. He abolished military marauding, did away with every form of slavery, established courts, missions, and school-houses, and waged fierce war against head-hunting and piracy.

Head-hunting was a remarkable and extraordinary custom of the native Dyaks. They strove to secure heads to decorate their houses, much as the American Indian longed to go hunting for scalps. It was an ancient custom. No Dyak woman would marry a man who could not display, as a trophy, at least one human head. Immense flotillas of head-hunting canoes would sally forth from the rivers and cruise along the coast, proceeding sometimes as far as 400 miles from home. Often there would be 7000 warriors in a single expedition. They landed wherever they saw a village, and slew man, woman, child, and foe, carrying off their heads in triumph.

To-day head-hunting is practically stamped out. Occasionally there appears in the local papers an account of a small party of young warriors breaking away into the interior, and returning with their grim trophies; but the strong hand of the rajah's government finds them out and inflicts just penalties.

Piracy had been for a century the curse of the Java seas, but Sir James Brooke knew that the future of his kingdom depended on its suppression. Every island and harbor swarmed with pirates. They lived in big towns, and had fortresses and cannon. They were stronger than any of the native rulers, and, knowing this, defied them. Brooke began with the feeble



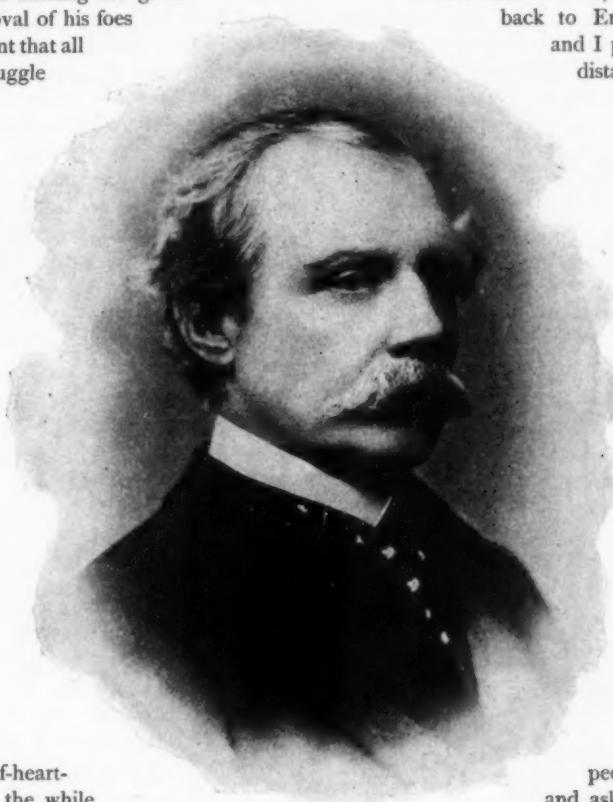
governed by an old native rajah, whose throne was menaced by the fierce, head-hunting Dyaks of the interior. Brooke saw his chance, and cast

towns, conquering one after another; then burnt them, and took possession of their swift outrigger canoes, increasing his forces from the very pirates that he was exterminating, and so worked relentlessly on. Combined with the great qualities of a fearless fighter, he had the noble faculty of winning the good will and approval of his foes to such an extent that all through the struggle

General of Borneo, Doctor of Laws by Oxford University, and indeed was the lion of the hour.

He returned to Sarawak, accompanied by European officers and friends, to carry on his great work of civilization, and to make of his little tropical kingdom a recognized power.

He died in 1868, and was carried back to England for burial, and I predict that at no distant day a grateful



they fought half-heartedly, knowing the while that they were really fighting against their people's good.

At the end of nine years the last pirate stronghold was taken, and the victor felt free to return home, pay his friends a visit, and solicit missionary aid to civilize the country.

All England was awake to his great deeds. There were greetings by enthusiastic crowds, banquets by boards of trade, and gifts of the freedom of cities. He was lodged in Balmoral Castle, knighted by his queen, made Consul-

Moor
Rajah of Sarawak

THE PRESENT RAJAH.

people will rise up and ask of England his body, that it may be interred in the peaceful yellow sands and under the gracefully waving palms of the little nation of which he was the Washington.

Sarawak has to-day a coastline of over 400 miles, with an area of 50,000 square miles, and a population of 300,000 souls. The country produces gold, silver, diamonds, antimony, quick-silver, coal, gutta-percha, rubber, canes, ratan, camphor, beeswax, edible birds' nests, sago, tapioca, pepper, and tobacco;

all of which are loaded into big, lumbering vessels by Chinese coolies, and shipped to Singapore for transhipment to America and Europe.

The rajah is absolute head of the state, but is advised by a legislative council composed of two Europeans and five native Malay chiefs. He has a navy of several small gun-boats, and an army of a few hundred men, who look after the wild tribes in the interior of Borneo, and guard the coast-line from piratical excursions; otherwise they would be useless, as his rule is almost fatherly, and he is dearly beloved by his people.

If the American boy who loves to read stories of the most exciting kind will go to the public library and get the "Life of the Rajah of Sarawak," his desires will be gratified. The fights with pirates of which he will read will equal those of the buccaneers of the Spanish main; the battles with bloodthirsty Malays

and savage Dyaks will outdo the stories of Ballylantyne and Kingston.

The true story of this building up of a kingdom in thirty years out of a wilderness of jungle almost equals the wildest careers of sensational fiction, yet the untiring benevolence and philanthropy of its founder place his name alongside those of great philanthropists.

Later in the evening, as I shook hands with the slightly built, gray-haired man who had inspired this sketch, I said, "Your Highness should visit America. You know we are soon to have a great World's Fair."

He looked up and smiled pleasantly, and gave my hand a second pressure. "I should like to visit your great country," he said. "Do you know the debt of gratitude I owe her?"

I shook my head.

"The United States was the first country to recognize the independence of Sarawak. Good-night!"

THE PUSSY-CAT BIRD.

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.



To-DAY when the sun shone just after the shower,
A song bubbled up from the lilac-tree bower,
That changed of a sudden to quavers so queer,
For a moment I thought something wrong in my ear.
Then I called little Herbert, and asked if he heard.
"Oh, yes!" he replied; "it 's the pussy-cat bird."

The pussy-cat bird has the blackest of bills,
With which she makes all of her trebles and trills:
She can mimic a robin, or sing like a wren,

And I truly believe she can cluck like a hen;
And sometimes you dream that her song is a word,
Then quickly again—she 's a pussy-cat bird!

The pussy-cat bird wears a gown like a nun,
But she 's chirk as a squirrel, and chock-full of fun.
She lives in a house upon Evergreen Lane,—
A snug little house, although modest and plain;
And never a puss that was happier purred
Than the feathered and winged little pussy-cat bird.

TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

Author of "Lady Jane."

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XVII.

A LITTLE HEIRESS.

Two elderly ladies sat in a handsome drawing-room of a fine house on Madison Avenue, in the city of New York. They were each not far from seventy, but owing to their rich and fashionable attire they did not look their years. One was Mrs. Ainsworth, the mother of the artist, the other a friend who had just returned from a long residence abroad.

Mrs. Ainsworth, or "Madam Ainsworth," as she was always called, because of her having lived a great part of her life in France, was a handsome old lady, tall, stately, and somewhat severe, with an inflexible expression, and clear, steel-blue eyes, which seemed to pierce one like gimlets when she looked at one with disfavor. She was left, when quite young, a widow with a large fortune and three children: Philip, the elder and favorite son, was among the first to enlist at the breaking out of the civil war, and went to the front at twenty-five a captain in his regiment, but never returned from the scene of the conflict; Edward, the artist; and Mary, Mrs. Van Norcom, who was now, like her mother, a rich widow, but with only one child, a daughter, a little heiress to a large fortune in her own right.

The old ladies were talking very rapidly and very earnestly. They had not met for years, yet they had been friends since their school-days, and their conversation was a jumble of reminiscences, histories of family affairs, and the current events of the day.

"And so Mary has gone to Nice for the winter, and left the little heiress with you," said the friend.

"Yes," said Madam Ainsworth, with a sigh. "Poor Mary is a confirmed invalid. The doctor

said she must go, and we could n't expose Lucille to the dangers of a sea voyage and a change of climate. You can't think what a responsibility she is, she is such a frail child; and just think of all that money, if anything should happen to her!"

"It goes to some charitable institution if she should not live to be twenty-one, does it not?" said the caller.

"Yes, that was John Van Norcom's strange will. Of course he left Mary well provided for, but we should not like all that money to go out of the family, especially when a part of it was originally our money. You know, after dear Philip's death," here Madam Ainsworth sighed more heavily, as she glanced at a beautiful portrait, on the wall, of a young man in an officer's uniform, "I divided what would have been his between Edward and Mary. John Van Norcom and Philip were like brothers, and I felt that Philip would want John to have the control of his part; and John managed it well—he made a great fortune by clever investments, and that railroad doubled it."

"I hear Edward has really settled down to an artist's life," remarked the friend.

"Yes. Poor Edward!" her voice was quite doleful, "he never had any faculty for making money, but an excellent one for spending it; and Laura is a little—just a little—unconventional." She hesitated slightly for the right word. "She likes their wandering life. I'm not surprised at her; but Edward, where does he get the Bohemian taint?"

"Oh! one does not necessarily inherit these tastes; they can be cultivated," replied the friend. "I suppose the loss of their son has unsettled them."

"Yes, it has unsettled their judgment. What do you think they have done, and without consulting me?"

"Really, I can't say. What have they done?" asked the friend, leaning forward eagerly.

"Why, my dear, they have *adopted* a boy, and a little waif at that—an orphan of whose parents they know nothing. As nearly as I can find out, he was a little street gamin. Edward sent me a sketch of him, *barefooted*, selling flowers."

"Where did they find him?"

"Oh," with a very bitter sigh, "in the South, of all places. It is like opening an old wound; and, strange to say, the boy's name is Philip. I think the name interested them in the first place, and now Laura is really daft over the child. She is quite foolish about him; says he is the image of my grandson, who was singularly like *my* poor Philip; that he is charming, handsome, refined, and all that. But think of it! The idea that a child of his class could resemble one of *our* family!"

"Impossible," said the friend, gravely.

"And the worst part of it is that they will spend the winter with me. You know they have had my house while I was away, and I can't refuse them, as there is plenty of room for us all. In fact, I think they imagine it is their home, they have lived here so much. They have been in the mountains all the autumn, and now they write (I had just read the letter when you came in) that they will be here this evening with *that* boy—and Lucille here for the winter! What am I to do? I really don't want her to have a rough, common boy for a companion. Mary would n't like it. It is very annoying. However, I must make the best of it. I must keep Lucille away from him, and I don't think it will be difficult; she is a born aristocrat, and so discriminating for a child of her age. Mary has brought her up so well; and her governess, Mademoiselle d'Alby, is the granddaughter of a count, and *so* elegant; and her maid is the orphan of a poor clergyman, and really a lady. The little heiress is surrounded with the best. We will not have any common, ignorant people about her; she is so delicate and sensitive, she can't be too carefully shielded."

"I should like to see her," murmured the friend, quite awe-stricken; "she must be like a little princess."

"She is out taking her airing. I wish you would stay until she returns. She is really worth seeing."

At that moment the door was thrown open by a very dignified servant in a neat livery, and quite a striking group entered. First a little girl of about eight years, dressed in a rich gray velvet coat trimmed with silver-gray fox fur, a broad hat covered with feathers, silk stockings, and patent-leather shoes. In one hand, covered with a white chamois-leather glove, she held a small muff on which was fastened a large bunch of lilies-of-the-valley tied with a broad blue ribbon. She was thin, fair, and slightly freckled; her mouth was wide, her nose tip-tilted, her eyes small and light; but her hair was beautiful. It was a dark auburn, and hung like waves of molten copper over her velvet coat. Behind her walked a stately middle-aged lady, dressed in rich black covered profusely with jet. Bringing up the rear came a sweet-faced, refined-looking girl in the white apron and neat cap of a maid. On her arm she carried innumerable wraps of fur and cashmere, and by a broad blue ribbon she led a small French poodle, as white and soft as new-fallen snow; he wore an embroidered blanket, and amid the silken hair around his neck sparkled a gold collar set with brilliants, and under his chin, tied with an immense bow of ribbon, was a large bunch of lilies-of-the-valley. The pretty creature was obliged to hold his head well up when he walked, which gave him a ridiculously haughty appearance, while his fastidious little black nose sniffed the air disdainfully.

When Madam Ainsworth saw the child, she went with the greatest solicitude to meet her. One would have thought a little princess was making her *entrée*, there was so much ceremony.

"Why, my dear," said the old lady, taking the child's small hand between both of hers, "you are back earlier than usual. Did n't you enjoy your drive? Were you cold? Was 'Fluff' troublesome? I hope Mademoiselle and Helen kept plenty of wraps around you." Then she added, as she led her across the room: "Here is a dear old friend; will you come and speak to her a moment before you go up-stairs?"

The child smiled coldly, and reached out a

gloved hand. "I am very happy to see you," she said, in a clear, high-pitched voice, and with the composure of a leader of society. "I think I have heard Grandmama speak of you. You have just returned from abroad, have you not?"

"Shall I remain until Mademoiselle goes to her apartment?" asked the governess.

"Does Mademoiselle wish Fluff to stay with her?" asked the maid.

"You may all go; I will come presently," replied the little heiress, with a haughty turn of her head. "And, Helen, take Fluff's coat off, and give him a small—a very small—piece of biscuit, and just *one* caramel." Then she turned again to the visitor, and began a conversation upon the topics of the day with the dignity of a grown woman.

When she considered that she had discharged her duty with propriety toward her grandma's friend, she bade the visitor a formal good morning and walked haughtily from the room.

Both old ladies watched her admiringly; then Madam Ainsworth said, "Am I not right? Is she not a rare little creature?"

"She's remarkable, she's charming," replied the friend, warmly; "such intelligence, so gracious, so lovely! Dear, dear, what a sensation she will make some day!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LITTLE WAIF.

MR. AND MRS. AINSWORTH arrived, bag and baggage, Philip and Père Josef's "children" included, an hour before dinner, and went directly to their rooms on the third floor. Madam Ainsworth had taken the apartments usually occupied by her son and his wife, for the use of the little heiress and her attendants. This innovation did not please Mrs. Ainsworth, and she sighed discontentedly as she mounted the extra flight; and when she saw the small room, little more than a closet, which had been carelessly prepared for Philip, she looked indignantly at her husband, and said in a low voice, "This shows plainly how we shall be received. I wish we had gone to a hotel!"

"My dear Laura, Mother would never have forgiven us had we done so. Let us make the

best of it, and not resent her unkindness. Philip will be very comfortable here, and I like our rooms as well as the lower ones."

Mrs. Ainsworth did not so much object to the change, only that she saw in it an indication that made her anxious and unhappy.

"I dread your mother's seeing Philip," she said, when they were ready for dinner. "If she treats the poor child coldly and severely, he will feel it, for I have found out that he has a very sensitive nature. Have you noticed how he shrinks from anything that is harsh and unpleasant?"

"Don't borrow trouble, my dear," replied Mr. Ainsworth, soothingly. "Let the boy make his own way with her. He is so handsome and winning. Then perhaps she will see, as I do, his likeness to my brother when he was a child. Why, often, this summer, when Philip has been with me in the fields and woods, I have fancied myself a boy again, so vividly has he brought back the memory of our happy childhood. If Mother can only see him as *I* do, his future is safe. You know Philip was her idol; to her he was simply perfection; but *I—I* was always faulty." And Mr. Ainsworth sighed a little sadly at the memory of past injustices which he had forgiven, but not forgotten.

Madam Ainsworth, elegantly dressed, was walking impatiently up and down the drawing-room, waiting for dinner to be announced.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth, with Philip between them, entered the drawing-room, they were prepared for a very cold reception. The old lady retreated to her chair and sat upon it as an offended queen might sit upon her throne; her face was severe, her eyes were like points of steel. She allowed her son to kiss her, then turned her cheek, with a cold "How do you do, Laura?" toward her daughter-in-law.

Mr. Ainsworth flushed a little and his voice was tremulous as he said, "Mother, this is our adopted son—another Philip; I hope you will love him. My dear boy, this lady is my mother; I'm sure you'll be as fond of her as you are of us."

Philip came forward readily, and held out his hand with a friendly smile.

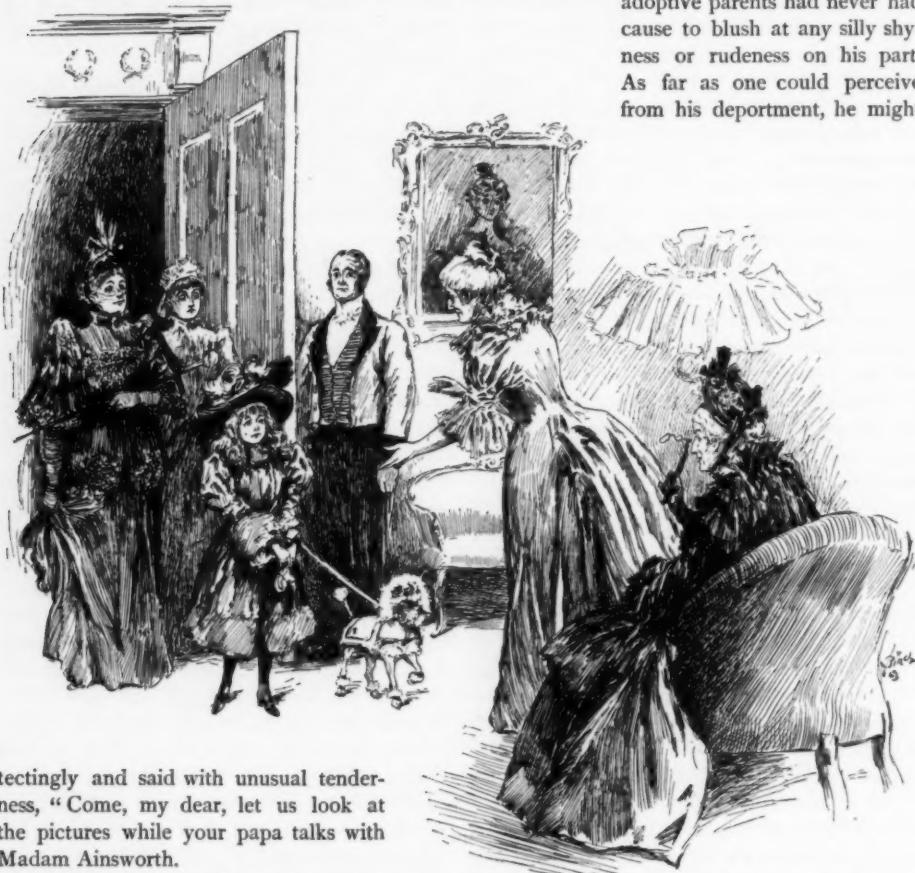
Madam Ainsworth put up her lorgnette and looked at the boy steadily and severely; then

she reached him the tips of her fingers, while she said sharply: "So this is the new member of your family? Where is the resemblance I've heard so much about? This boy is very brown; *my grandson was fair.*"

Philip shrank back as though he had received a blow; instinctively he felt the hostility of the old lady's attitude; he looked surprised and grieved, and his lips were tremulous.

Mrs. Ainsworth put her arm around him pro-

Toinette's Philip became Philip Ainsworth, the boy had changed somewhat. The aging process that had begun with his first sorrow had continued, and now all the chubby infantine look was gone from his face; he was taller and thinner, and his outdoor life among the mountains had browned his rosy skin and added a more mature color to the delicate tint of his cheeks. He was a handsome, manly boy, a little shy at times, but never awkward or ill-bred; his adoptive parents had never had cause to blush at any silly shyness or rudeness on his part. As far as one could perceive from his deportment, he might



tectingly and said with unusual tenderness, "Come, my dear, let us look at the pictures while your papa talks with Madam Ainsworth."

"This," she continued in a low voice, stopping before the portrait of the young man in an officer's uniform, "is Mr. Ainsworth's brother, who was killed in the war. Your papa thinks you are like what he was at your age; he told me so before I ever saw you."

In the six months that had passed since

THE LITTLE HEIRESS RETURNS FROM HER DRIVE.

have been born to the purple; and, as Mr. Ainsworth had said, he was a child that any one could love. To say that he had never regretted his old life would not be true. There had been times through that delightful summer when he

had felt a little homesick, a yearning for his mammy and the old garden: a longing for Dea, for Seline, and even Lilybel. At times he pined for the Major and the melodious notes of the Singer; often and often he fancied that he heard among the Northern forests a little brown bird twitter its low musical notes. Sometimes he would go away by himself and lie down under a tree and cry a little because the voices of nature were strange to him; but he would comfort himself by talking to Père Josef's "children," who were a never-failing source of amusement. "We will go home soon," he would say confidently. "Père Josef will be back. It will be spring, and we will smell the sweet olive and jasmine." But he never breathed his regrets to any one besides the "children"; he was always bright and happy, because he was always occupied and amused; the newness of a life of ease and luxury had not worn off, and he had not yet felt the restraints of a higher civilization.

While Mrs. Ainsworth and Philip were still looking at the pictures, the little heiress entered, followed by her governess. When the boy glanced up at her, he thought that she looked like a large doll he had seen one Christmas in a shop-window. Lucille was dressed in a blue silk frock covered with filmy white lace. Like the doll, she wore blue silk stockings, and the neatest little shoes with narrow straps buttoned around her ankles. In one slender hand she carried the bunch of lilies-of-the-valley that she had worn on her muff during her drive. She had been taught that it was an indication of high breeding to be polite to every one, so after she had welcomed her uncle and aunt with great formality, she went directly to Philip, and gave him the tips of her fingers in exactly the manner of her grandmother, as she said, in her little artificial voice, "How do you do? I am very happy to see you." Then she stood off, and scrutinized him from under the copper-colored fringe that covered her forehead.

Philip was not in the least disconcerted, but rather amused. It was as if the doll had stepped down from the shop-window and said, "How do you do?" So he began to chatter in the most cordial way, and even felt a desire

to pull a strand of the copper-colored hair to see if the "doll" would resent the liberty; but he restrained himself because Madam Ainsworth was looking at him severely, and she even frowned at him. She did not like to see the little heiress and the little waif walking out to dinner side by side. "This will never do," she thought; "I sha'n't encourage any intimacy." So she put them at opposite sides of the table.

There is a sort of freemasonry between children which makes them understand one another. In spite of Lucille's haughty airs, Philip felt very friendly toward her, and from time to time he looked across the table and smiled at her as she sat in state beside her governess. He thought it very amusing that the fine lady next to her treated her with so much deference, that Helen in a white cap stood behind her chair, and that the stately butler in livery bent almost double when he spoke to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth had been living in fashionable hotels all summer, and Philip had become accustomed to formal service and more or less ceremony; but he had never seen anything like this dinner. He could scarcely eat, so busy was he watching the movements of the butler and the airs of Lucille. When the butler changed his plates, he thanked him audibly, and gazed up in his face as if he were an old friend; and the butler, although he looked like a wooden man, was thinking to himself, "Clever little chap! I'd like to smile back at 'im, if I dared." And Philip felt that the butler was a friend. In fact, so well did he like him, that he tried to be helpful in little ways. He smiled pleasantly at him as he changed the plates, until Madam Ainsworth looked at him so severely, and the fine lady in the glittering jet frowned so, and even his papa and mama made little signs of displeasure. He only meant to be kind, but perhaps after all he was not behaving quite properly at so grand a dinner. Then he wondered if it was like this every day, and he thought how tired he should get of seeing the butler change the plates so many times. However, he was glad when at last it was over and he was in the drawing-room again. Then he thought of the "children" all alone in his room, and wondered if the red-haired little girl would like to

see them: even though she looked like a doll, he was sure she would be pleased with Père Josef's "children." So he watched his chance, and while the elders of the party were looking over some of his papa's sketches, he boldly approached Lucille, and ask her if she would like to see Père Josef's "children."

"Children!" she exclaimed, raising her haughty little head and looking at him with cold surprise. "Where are they?"

"They're in my room, in a cage."

"In a cage! What do you mean? What are they?"

"They are little mice—dear little white mice."

"Mice! little *mice!* Oh, oh!" And her voice sounded quite shrill and unnatural, while her little blue feet were drawn up under her in a trice.

"*Mice!* Where? What is it, darling? What has frightened you? She is quite pale. Run, Mademoiselle—run for my vinaigrette!" cried Madam Ainsworth, excitedly.

"Oh, Grandmama, he says he has them in his room. Just think—*mice* in his room! And he wants to bring them here! Don't let him bring them here."

"No, no; indeed, he sha'n't. Edward, take him away; he has given Lucille a dreadful shock. Take him away immediately!"

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth were almost convulsed with laughter at the absurd scene, and Philip did not understand in the least what had happened, nor why they led him so hastily from the room.

"He has gone now, darling. Do you feel better? Dear me, what a strange boy! I shall have to request your uncle not to bring him into the drawing-room again if he talks about such things as *mice*." Then she added to herself, "But what can one expect of a little waif, a little street gamin! It is just as I thought: I must keep Lucille away from him."

When Philip reached the door of his room, he turned to Mrs. Ainsworth and said in a puzzled voice, "Mama, did she, or did n't she, want to see Père Josef's 'children'?"

"She *did n't* want to see them, my dear. She is afraid of them, and you must not speak of them to her again."

TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

CHAPTER XIX.

QUASIMODO FURNISHES A CLUE.

A FEW mornings after his arrival in New York, Mr. Ainsworth was in his studio busily engaged in finishing his picture for the Academy exhibition. It was the study of Philip and Dea, his little New Orleans models, and it was very natural and charming.

He thought it better in color than anything he had ever done; and he was longing to have the opinion of an art critic, when the door was opened, and the one of all others whom he most wished to see entered briskly. He was a tall, dark man with a foreign air and a decidedly foreign accent.

Mr. Ainsworth turned in his chair, and holding all his implements in one hand, held out the other cordially. "Why, Detrava, how are you? The very man I wanted to see. Take a chair, and tell me what you think of this."

"Hard at it, eh, my friend? Something good, I see." And the visitor laid his hat and stick on the table, and leaning over the artist's shoulder, looked critically at the picture.

"Excellent, my friend, excellent!" he said heartily. "It's admirable in composition, and there's feeling in it; the pose is natural, and the color fine. Interesting little subjects, picturesque—very. Where did you pick them up?"

"Oh, in that artists' El Dorado, New Orleans!"

"You were there all winter, were you not?"

"Yes; I went to stay a month, and I stayed six."

"You like it, then?"

"Very much. An odd old town, drowsy and dull, but full of color, and no end of material for a painter."

"I have always meant to go there. I ought to go: I have a little property there. One of our family settled there many years ago, and made quite a fortune, but the most of it was lost through the war. However, there were none of that branch left to inherit it, and the remnant came to me. I have never been able to sell it, and it's been more trouble than profit. I think I'll go some day and look after it."

"I would, if I were you," returned Mr. Ainsworth. "You would enjoy the place. It's

an artists' paradise compared to these busy Northern cities."

"Well, what did you pick up there in the way of curios? I'm told that one sometimes happens on a good piece."

"Yes, there are some old Spanish and French things well worth having. I got that cabinet and this chair; rather good, are n't they? Oh, but here is a little curiosity, an example of exquisite modeling." And Mr. Ainsworth jumped up with alacrity, and taking Quasimodo from the cabinet, he set the remarkable little figure on the table before the visitor. "There! What do you think of that?" he asked with satisfaction.

Mr. Detrava looked at the little object silently for a moment; then he said in a subdued voice, "I had a brother who did that kind of thing remarkably well. It reminds me of his work." Then he took the little figure from the table to examine it more closely, and on the base he saw engraved, in tiny letters, Victor Hugo *fecit*, as artists sign their work. "Why, Ainsworth, how strange! Victor Hugo—my brother's name. Who made this?"

"The father of my little model, there," pointing to the picture. "The child was selling images on the street, and I bought it from her. A very sad case, as near as I could find out. The artist was ill and poor—so wretchedly poor! I bought a number of his things, all subjects from Victor Hugo's works. The little girl was named Dea, and she had an old dog she called Homo. It was really interesting, so original and picturesque."

"See here, Ainsworth," said Mr. Detrava, after a moment of deep thought; "I believe the man who modeled that figure is my brother Victor. I have been looking for him for the last eight years. It was a fancy of my mother's, who was an ardent admirer of the great French writer, to name him Victor Hugo. He was a strange, dreamy character, and from childhood he had this peculiar talent. My father wanted to make a sculptor of him, but he had no ambition. When he was a little over twenty-one he married my sister's governess. You can imagine the result: offended parents on one side, pride and a stubborn will on the other. One fine day, without a word of farewell, he took his

wife and started for America, and from that time we lost every trace of him. My father relented, and tried to discover his whereabouts, but he never succeeded. And since my residence in New York I have spared neither time nor money in my efforts to find him. This is the first clue," with a glance at Quasimodo; "and I think it will lead to something."

"I am sure it will," returned Mr. Ainsworth. "Everything agrees. The artist in wax came from France about eight years ago. The child was named Dea for her mother. Her father simply called himself Victor Hugo, dropping his last name. I think there can be no doubt. I feel confident that he is your brother."

"And you say he is poor, miserably poor, and ill; and I have plenty. I must start at once and follow this clue. Can you give me directions so that I can find him when I reach New Orleans?"

"He lives on Villeré street; I never heard the number, but I think I know how you can find it," replied Mr. Ainsworth. Then he told Mr. Detrava about Seline. "If you can find the old woman, she will assist you, and possibly Dea might be with her. I am sure there will be no difficulty when you are once there."

After Mr. Detrava had written all the directions very carefully in his memorandum-book, he examined the picture again with a great deal of interest.

"What a delicate, sweet-faced child! Poor little thing, how hard it has been for her! If I find her, and she is my brother's child, I mean to take care of her for the future. I feel interested in her already. How lucky that I happened in here this morning, Ainsworth! I intended to start for Paris next week; instead, I shall start for New Orleans. I can't rest until I know. So good-by, my friend. I shall see your artists' paradise sooner than I expected, and I trust my journey won't be in vain."

"Good-by, and good luck," replied Mr. Ainsworth, heartily; and as Mr. Detrava reached the door he added, "If you remain in New Orleans all winter, you may see me there. If nothing happens, I intend to be there when the jasmine and orange-trees are in bloom."

"Ah, well, we may meet there, then. *Au revoir*, my friend, and not good-by."

(To be continued.)



THE BRAVE HUSSAR,

THE BRAVE HUSSAR.

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

THIRTY thousand Austrians were ranged in grand review,
Mounted on their chargers proud, all soldiers good and true.
Joyously the tumbling bells throbbed on the summer air,
And loyally the people cheered that martial sight so fair.

From out the thirty thousand a thousand wheeled away,
The chosen warriors of them all—the flower of that array,
A regiment without its peer, well proved in deathly strife,
Who prized their spotless honor as dearer far than life.

Their high-bred steeds were galloping, the matchless horsemen swept
Before their sovereigns, in review, whose hearts with hope upleapt.
But as the line came dashing up, there echoed to the sky
Above the thunder of the hoofs, a mother's piercing cry!

And every heart ceased beating, in dumb and helpless fear,
But still the swift steeds' iron hoofs were coming ever near,
While just before their fatal tide, that mother's little child
Gazed fearless on the dread array, and clapped her hands and smiled.

But see! Out from the charging line a stalwart hussar leapt
Far forward on his horse's neck; and, clinging there, he swept
His strong arm out, and caught the child, nor slackened he his speed,
Nor lost the pace, nor broke the line, for doing of the deed.

A thousand voices rent the air in rapturous acclaim,
A hundred thousand joined to swell the hero's sudden fame,
As safely on his saddle-bow the laughing child was seen,
Her fair hair dancing on the wind, a glittering, golden sheen!

How proudly gleamed the soldier's eye as by the royal stand
He saw the cross of honor gleam there in his sovereign's hand;
And—oh, what joy the hussar feels!—the emperor bends down,
And fixes on that valiant breast the cross of high renown!

We do not know the hussar's name, nor is there any need;
We know him as the brave hussar who did this gallant deed:
A man as true and tender as he was strong and brave—
Who had no thought of self, but dared a little child to save.



Noshi & THE MORNING-GLORY

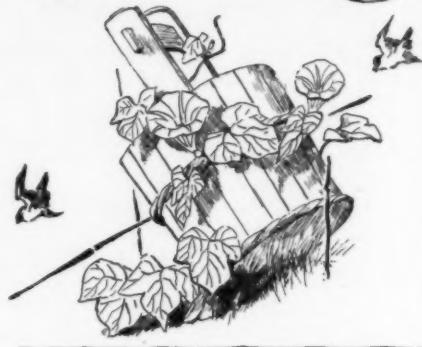
(From the Japanese.)

BY MARY M. SCOTT.

IT was the rosy flush of dawn
 In beautiful Japan,
 When through the ancient garden ways
 Came little Noshi San—
 Her strapped and lacquered wooden shoes
 A-clicking as she ran.



She stooped beside the mossy well,
 Beneath a gnarled pine,
 And would have drawn, but that she spied
 A morning-glory vine,
 Which in the night the pail had wreathed
 In exquisite design.



The dainty thief smiled up at her,
 With velvet eyes of blue.
 Uncertain, little Noshi stood
 Debating what to do;
 Then sudden raised her empty pail
 And to a neighbor flew.

"Gift-water, friend, I crave," she said;
 "For in the night a vine
 Has seized my bucket; and so fair
 Its fragile arms entwine,
 I could not rudely tear them off—
 Pray let me fill with thine."



THE WHITE CAVE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

THERE was a careful watch kept in camp that night, the greater part of the vigilance being exercised by Yip, for that good dog's mind was disturbed about something. Once he made a rush and was absent for some time in the bush, but he came back with a wagging tail and a satisfied expression of countenance. Perhaps the next best watch was kept by Ned and Hugh, a little before dawn. Marsh was on sentry duty, and he was sound asleep, trusting to Yip, when Ned and Hugh slipped quietly out of camp. Ned carried a traveling-bag, and Hugh had a small portmanteau.

They were gone for only about half an hour, and they came back empty-handed.

"No, Hugh," said Ned, as they got to the camp; "it's all right. That's where he told us to leave them, between the two grape-trees."

"I hope nothing has happened to him," said Hugh. "He's a daring fellow, and ready to run any risk."

"Boys," asked the baronet, "did you see him? Was he there?"

"He was n't there, Father," replied Hugh, "but we left the things."

"Well," said their father, "we'll have an early breakfast, and then we'll go and see. I'd like to know just what that blast did to the cave and the mountain."

Before breakfast was ready, Lady Parry and Helen came out of their tents. They seemed to be in a state of expectation.

"Come, Ned and Hugh!" said Sir Frederick, as he finished his coffee. "Are the horses ready? Bob, we may be gone only a short time, or we may be out till noon. Keep a sharp lookout. Don't be uneasy, but on no account must any of you leave the camp."

It was plain that Sir Frederick was making

an effort to appear cool and unconcerned, whatever the reason might be. He recovered his composure, however, the moment he and the boys were in the saddle.

"Tom Gordon runs a great risk," he muttered, as they rode out into the forest.

"I hope not, Sir Frederick," remarked Ned Wentworth. "He's very savage-looking, you know."

"That's the strong point," said the baronet. Then suddenly he cried out:

"Tom Gordon! Is it possible?"

There, between the grape-trees, on the ground, lay the luggage Ned and Hugh had carried out. Beside it lay a lot of little leather bags. In front of them stood a tall man and near by were tethered seven horses.

The man was dressed from head to foot in clothing as stylish and as costly as Sir Frederick Parry could provide.

"Well, Sir Frederick," he replied laughingly, "what do you think? Do they fit?"

"They fit perfectly," replied the baronet.

"I am a little awkward yet," said Tom; "the stockings and the boots are especially strange. I'll get used to them, but they'll hurt my feet for a few days. I must n't try to walk much."

"But that head of hair! The sooner I play barber the better. I've brought a pair of scissors—"

"Do your best," said Tom. "My neck may depend upon having my hair properly cut!"

Sir Frederick dismounted, and the tangled hair fell to the ground in masses.

"I will make it as close a cut as mine," said the baronet. "How shall I trim your beard?"

"Cut off all my whiskers, and I'll wear only mustaches. Change my face all you can."

"What do you think of that, Ned?" exclaimed Sir Frederick, as the long, shaggy, red beard was shorn away.

"Think?" said Ned. "Why, he would n't

know himself, and nobody would dream he is the same man. He's not a bad-looking sort of fellow, now," he added, with a laugh.

The barber processes went on to their completion, and then Mr. Thomas Gordon stood still to be looked at.

"It's a success!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Hugh," said Ned, "he is n't the same man."

"No, Ned, he is not!" said Sir Frederick.

"But, Tom, tell me, where did you get all

"It's all here," said Tom. "You know I told you I had some bags sunk in the ruin—a heavy horse-load of nuggets. I went there and got them out. Then I found the horses of that gang picketed by their camp. That told me what had become of the owners. I just took them to the cave and loaded them up. The horse-blankets you and the boys gave me helped me make packs. Some of the loads are heavy—more than they ought to carry far."



MR. THOMAS GORDON IN CIVILIZED GARb AGAIN.

those horses? What have you been doing? How about the blackfellows?"

"Why, you know how it is with them," replied Tom. "They never stay where they've done such a piece of work as they did yesterday. They're far enough away—the few that's left of them."

"Why, were any of them knocked over?" asked Sir Frederick.

"I can't say," said Tom. "I did n't try to find out how many. I think they had a fight among themselves. What I wanted was to keep clear of them."

"But these bags?" said the baronet.

"We can put part of it in the wagon," said Sir Frederick. "But how about the blast?"

"You must go and look at that, after breakfast," said Tom. "It's only five or six miles, going straight. Now we'll load up and go in."

"It's the best plan we can adopt," said the baronet.

Lady Parry and Helen were uneasy after the baronet and the boys had ridden away. They grew more and more uneasy and fidgety every minute, until at last Bob McCracken shouted:

"There they come!—and Mr. Thomas Gordon is with them!"

"Yes, there he is!" exclaimed Helen.

A very important cavalcade came plodding into camp. It was headed by Sir Frederick Parry, side by side with a stately, elegantly dressed gentleman,—a man who seemed as large as the baronet. Behind them rode the boys, urging along several heavily laden pack-horses.

"Helen," whispered Lady Parry, "I never expected to see him look like that, I'm sure. It is really wonderful!"

"How changed he is!" Helen answered.

In another minute the riders had dismounted, but Lady Parry said:

"Tom, come into the tent! Come in, Fred and Helen! I can't speak to him out here."

"Bob," said the baronet, before he disappeared, "Mr. Thomas Gordon has not had his breakfast."

"All right, sir! Yes, sir," said Bob, darting toward the coffee-pot and the frying-pan. "Get me some more wood, boys."

A few minutes later he remarked to them: "Did ye ever see the like o' the Gordons and Parrys? They'll all dress up and shave clean, out in the bush, as if it was at the Grampians. There's Mr. Thomas Gordon, now, right from the mines, and he looks as if he'd stepped out of a bandbox!"

Within the tent there had been greetings and even tears; and at last Sir Frederick remarked to his wife:

"My dear, Ned's idea will work perfectly, if we can go straight through to England."

"I am sure I do not wish to stop a needless hour anywhere," she said; "not even at the Grampians."

"I have no doubt," said Tom Gordon, "that Ned's entire plan is the safest for me."

"His entire plan?" asked Helen. "What is it, Uncle Tom?"

"Why, Helen," he replied. "I wish to see England again, of course, but it will not do for me to stay there. Ned is going there with me, as soon as he can get the consent of his father and mother. We can see all we wish to see, and then we leave for the United States."

"Do you see, Maude?" asked her husband. "Nothing could be better. As for America, not only will he be entirely safe there, but he can step into business at once

with his really large capital. They have some of the largest and finest sheep-farms in the world, in their western States and Territories; not equal to ours, of course—not like the Grampians; but then you could make a farm to satisfy yourself very well, Tom."

"Ned says I could start a new city, or go to Congress," said Tom, laughing. "I shall indeed have capital enough to start on. Something like half a million, counting it in dollars."

"Count it in dollars, of course," said Sir Frederick, smiling. "You're going to America! Come to breakfast, now, and then if you're sure the woods are clear, we'll go to see what your blasting-powder and dynamite did for that mountain."

"I think we are perfectly safe in going," said Tom; "and, while we are gone, the men can get things ready for a start. I can pilot you to the Grampians."

The men were left in charge of the camp, with instructions to take down the tents, pack the wagon, and make ready for moving.

"We can make quite a journey before dark," said Sir Frederick, "and we've been here long enough."

"Indade we have, sir," said Bob, heartily.

The ladies had many questions to ask as they rode along, and Tom told them his experiences. At last, after a long ride through the forest, they came out again on the river bank.

"Why!" exclaimed Helen. "This is where Ned Wentworth found me, when I was lost. Yip found me here, too."

"I wanted to look up-stream from this point," said Tom. "Yes, there's a cleft in the hill. There always was a sort of deep gorge there, I think, where the stream came out from the chasm. Listen!"

"It sounds like a waterfall," said Sir Frederick. "Was there one there?"

"No, there was not," said Tom. "We must ride to the front door of my house. I want to see how it is."

They rode rapidly for so warm a morning, and it was still early when they came out near the great tree.

"Look!" exclaimed Tom. "Can't you understand, now, Sir Frederick?"

"The top of the hill is gone!" said the baronet.

"My house is gone," exclaimed Gordon. "The whole cave has fallen in. When I was here last night, I could only get in far enough to reach my gold."

"The roof fell in?" asked Hugh.

"Yes," said Tom, "and filled the deep chasm. It made a great gorge—what the Yankees call a cañon. Everything was ready to tumble, and the blast and the fire did the business! That stream won't run underground any more—at least at this point."

"Aunt Maude!" shouted Helen. "Look! Look under the tree—right at Uncle Tom's front door!"

"I declare," exclaimed Tom. "I knew the water inside must be setting back and rising, but I didn't expect that. Splendid spring it makes, too."

"Hurrah!" shouted Hugh. "Ned, see it burst out!"

There, indeed, bubbling and gushing, was a fine young rivulet, forced out at the burrow between the roots of the tree. It had easily pushed away the bark door, and now it poured forward, seeking a channel for its further passage.

"It'll turn all this forest into a swamp for a while," remarked Sir Frederick.

"The chasm is gone," replied Tom, "but that spring won't run a great while—only till the river has plowed its new channel among the rocks and rubbish."

Suddenly Tom Gordon cried:

"Follow me! Quick! There is danger!"

They wheeled their horses and followed him, as he dashed away, but he rode only a short distance before he pulled in and turned his head toward his former home.

"We got away only just in time," he said. "See that? I could see that the roots had been loosened, but the water has been undermining them all night. The tree always leaned a little southerly. It's coming, now!"

The party were silent, looking expectantly at the vast bulk of the forest king.

The great tree was swaying, tottering, and the air was full of a strange, groaning, tearing sound, that grew louder until it burst into a re-

port like that of a cannon. In another instant there was an awful crash, and the very earth shook as the gigantic trunk came thundering down. The big trees of common kinds that it fell among splintered like dry reeds. Its out-reaching roots tore up the soil in all directions, and their rugged mass stood up, over the deep cavity left behind them, like the side of a small hill.

"That is one of the grandest sights I ever saw!" said Sir Frederick. "It is really sublime. But Tom, we brought you out of that cave only just in time."

"Somehow or other," said Tom, "a great many things happen only just in time. I don't quite understand, yet, why I came to be out here at all, or what brought you here. It's a puzzle."

"Is n't it time we went to the camp?" asked Ned.

"I think so, Tom," said the baronet. "The sooner we are at the Grampians, the better for all of us."

Several months later, the same party that had gathered in Sir Frederick Parry's tent that morning in the Australian bush, were gathered again in a breezy, open-windowed drawing-room of a stately country-seat. They were in the ancient English home of the Parry family.

"Well, Ned," said Lady Parry, "I am sorry you must go home, but I'm glad you and Tom have had time to see England."

"I'm so glad I have seen it," said Ned. "It's a great country, and I'm coming over again, some day."

There was some general conversation, and then Sir Frederick remarked: "Ned's plan has worked perfectly, Tom. I don't see why you need go to the States. Why can't you stay here?"

"Stay here?" said Tom Gordon. "Why, you are going back to Australia, just to see your sheep-farm again, and to be where there's plenty of room. It's just so with me. I've got to live in a new country, to be comfortable. I'm going away out west when I get to America,—to some place where there are mountains, and forests, and mines. I want some Indians, to take the place of the black-

fellows. There will be wolves there, too, and deer, and buffaloes, instead of kangaroos."

" You can open as large a sheep-farm as you wish," said Sir Frederick.

Hugh had been looking out of a window, across a closely cut lawn upon which deer were feeding.

" Ned," he remarked, " it does seem so unnatural to have regular hot January weather right in the middle of July, with a warm breeze from the south, instead of from the north. I want to get back to Australia, where things come in their regular season. What are you going to do, first, after you get home ? "

" Oh," said Ned, " Father and Mother are there, long before this. I 've got to go to college, but I 'm going west, first thing, with Mr. Gordon, to see him settled."

" By the way, Maude," said Tom. " I 've attended to that; I have settled enough on Ned to set him up handsomely for life. He is all the boy I have, you know."

They had known that Tom Gordon intended to make provision for Ned, and they all were delighted, excepting Ned himself. He was silent, until Helen Gordon said to him: " I am so glad of it, Ned ! But I am not going back to Australia. I 'm not to go to college, exactly,

but I 'm to be put into a boarding-school for two or three years, and then I am going to live with my father in India."

" Oh, Helen !" said Ned. " It seems as if that were further away than Australia, but I know it is n't. Well, then, as soon as I get



THE FALL OF THE GIANT TREE.

through college, I will come to India, unless you are in Australia by that time."

" Will you, Ned ?" said Helen. " Do come !"

" I will surely come !" said Ned.

THE END.



A · Seventh · Son.

By MARGARET JOHANN.

"SAY, you with,—just now, too, when they 're hangin' 'Bee-sting, go 'way; bee - sting, go'way! Say it, Hippy, quick, now, before I go for a switch o' the cur'n [currant] bush."

The tone was much kinder than the words, and the speaker's appearance was in keeping with the tone. She had a plump, good-natured face, and her figure was such that, as her boys sometimes told her, "it took longer to go 'round her than it would to jump over her." She wore a gingham frock and sunbonnet, both of a large plaided pattern and of a cut not likely to make her seem less stout than she was.

She held in hers the unwilling hand of her youngest son, with which she tried to knead the slightly swollen wrist of his elder brother, Hiram, who had caught a bumblebee to see whether it had a white face or not, and had found out to his sorrow.

Hiram, or "Hire," as they called him, made up a pitiful face, whereupon his mother gripped more tightly the limp hand she held, and scrubbed away with it harder than ever.

"If you had only put your hand and your mind onto it both at once in the first place, Hippy," she said, "an' kep' a-sayin', 'Bee-sting, go 'way,' as I told you to, it never 'd a' swelled up like this. What 's the use of your bein' a seventh son if you —"

"I wish I was n't!" wailed Hippy, rubbing across his eyes the sleeve of his one available arm, and pulling back in a half-hearted way as if his courage failed to second his inclination.

"Now, Hippy," exhorted his mother, "I do hate to break off the cur'n branches to whip

"SAY, you with,—just now, too, when they 're hangin' 'Bee-sting, go 'way; bee - sting, go'way! Say it, Hippy, quick, now, before I go for a switch o' the cur'n [currant] bush."

She waited a minute for this argument to take effect, and then continued:

"Come, now, just lay your hand on, this way, and keep a-sayin', 'Bee-sting, go 'way; bee - sting, go 'way,' like a good boy."

Her illustration made the performance seem more ridiculous than ever in the boy's matter-of-fact little brain. He looked ashamed, drew his breath quickly, but did n't attempt the miracle of healing.

"Well, if I must, I must," said his mother despairingly, and started toward the currant bushes. Then Hippy began to bestir himself, exhibiting a wit and skill born of his need.

Seizing a basin of water that stood handily near, he dashed its contents upon the ground, and in a twinkling made up a mud poultice, of which tears were one ingredient, using his nimble little hands to gather and mold it. He had no time to be gingerly, and no inclination, for he took to the soil as naturally as a mole.

Before the mother came back, Hire's wrist was covered with the wet mud, spatted and held in place by Hip's hands, which looked themselves like a pair of little mud poultices.

She had got very near before the little fellow began to mumble sobbingly and with a very red face,—it is fair to say that only shame had prompted his disobedience,—"Bee-sting, go 'way, bee-sting, go 'wa-a-ay."

"It feels better now, Mother," said Hire, hastily, for he was not an ill-natured boy, and was willing to save his brother from any punishment now that he had seen him reduced to a becoming state of submission. Besides, the mud really had a soothing effect, and perhaps,

too, Hire had not at any time suffered so much pain as he had imagined.

So Hippy's sentence was softened to a half-

He whistled to his dog, called out, "It 's all right now, Mother!" and, though his motions were generally leisurely, before she could come



"HIS MOTHER BEGAN TO TALK TO HIM IN A HALF SCOLDING, HALF PETTING WAY."

hour's treatment of his brother's wrist, with now and then a repetition of the magic words, and his mother, Mrs. Half, went into the house.

But the good angels did not desert our hero in this trying hour; for, in less than five minutes, Hire, sufficiently recovered "to view the landscape o'er," saw a woodchuck come out of its home under a huge rock, on the hillside in an adjoining field.

out to verify his statement he was over the fence and half-way up the hill.

Hip took up the basin, filled it with water, and set it upon the wash-bench that stood by the kitchen door. He dabbled a while in it, and, as he wiped his hands upon the towel, sighed in a grieved way.

His mother looked wistful, and came and put her arm about him. She drew him down

upon the bench, and began to talk to him in a half scolding, half petting way.

"Now, Hippy, only see what a fuss you've made, an' how you've got us all worked up just fur nothin' 't all. You might jus' as well have cured that bee-sting in the first place as to have kep' Hire a-sufferin' an' me a-worryin' all this while."

"If it hurt him so much, why did n't he put salt or mud or something on it himself?" suggested Hippy, with mournful petulance.

"Oh, now, Hippy! It was n't the mud that cured him; you know well enough it was n't. A seventh son always has the gift of healin' and other things besides. I should think you'd be proud of it, instead of tryin' to deny it an' shirk the trouble. And, Hippy," trying to pat the little fellow back into cheerfulness, "I expect you to make us all rich yet. I don't expect to live on a hired farm forever. Why, I said to your father last week when we heard this place had changed hands, 'If it could only have stayed as 't was a few years more, Hippy could have bought it for us.' I expect my seventh son to grow up to be a great doctor, and buy us a farm and put a mansion on it as big as Judge Gifford's."

"Has n't Hire got to help?"

"Now, Hippy, I am ashamed of you—always wantin' Hire to do somethin'! Why, can't you see the lot was n't laid upon Hire? He's only the *sixth* son. Now, I expect that you will put Hire through college."

Mrs. Half never planned for the education of her seventh son, believing that the physician, like the poet, "is born, not made."

"If Hire wants to go to college, Mother," argued Hippy, "why does n't he begin to get ready for it now? Fellows that go to college have to do lots of hard sums; why does n't Hire begin to work very hard at the easy ones? Now, I don't want to go to college, I just want to be Father's hired man; but I can beat Hire all to pieces at the school lessons."

"Oh, Hippy! That's no fault o' his—no, nor any merit o' yours. Lessons an' sums an' things come easy an' natural to you because you're the seventh son."

Here Ann Jane, the "help," wheeled a churn out under the arbor. Hippy looked sad, know-

ing well what was expected of him. He soon had the dasher going in good earnest, however, only he muttered:

"I wish I'd been some other number!—then I would n't have had folks expecting me to cure their warts and bee-stings and chills and everything, when I don't know any more about it than they do themselves."

His father came round the corner of the house.

"What's the matter with Hippy?" he asked, noticing the cloud upon the lad's usually cheerful face.

"Why, here he's been an' saved his brother's life, for aught I know," explained Mrs. Half, "an' now he's mad about it. Hire got stung on the wrist, an' his arm was a-swellin' an' a-swellin', an', if it had kep' on, it would have been as big as his body before night; an' then, jus' as likely as not, his body would have begun,—an' there's no knowin' what the end would have been."

"Father," said Hippy, appealingly, "I did n't do any more than Hire could have done if he'd had a mind to try. I don't feel as if I had any 'special gifts,' as Mother calls 'em."

"Now, Hippy, you have, I tell you; you have, an' I don't want to hear you say you have n't. Why, once, when you was a dear little baby, I had an awful sore throat,—'twas the quinsy,—an' I really thought I should suffocate to death, till it struck me about you; an' I jus' held you up close an' took your little hand an' laid it on my throat an' kept it there, an' in the mornin' I was 'most well. You see, the *virtue* worked out through your hand into my neck an' cured me."

Hip looked a little bored,—he had heard the story so often,—and he looked wounded in spirit; for the belief that he had unusual powers was, from his point of view, a crying injustice involving calls upon him which he could not meet; but the only expression he gave to these emotions was to splash down the dasher rather more vigorously than was necessary.

"You forgot to mention, Mother," said Mr. Half, mildly, "that you gargled your throat with brewer's yeast that night, and bathed it with liniment, and tied a piece of salt pork behind your ears, and —"

"That's nothin' to do with it, Father; nothin' at all. An' how you can find pleasure in denyin' the gifts of your own son is more 'n I can comprehend. Now, look at those chickens yesterday. Nine or ten of 'em were moping around with distemper, an' I fully expected to lose the whole flock. Hip goes down after supper an' tends to 'em a little, and this mornin' there was n't a sick chicken in the yard. How do you 'count for that?"

"I ascribe it," settling himself for a little humorous talk on a frequently disputed subject, "to the kind heart and the thrift of our seventh son. If you or I had had the time, or Hire had been willing to take the trouble, to catch each of those chickens and rub its head with olive-tar, as Hippy did, the same result would have followed."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Half, disdainfully, rising to retire from the scene of strife.

Her husband watched her amusedly as she stepped up into the kitchen door, expecting her to turn and add another argument. He was not disappointed.

"I s'pose now," she said, "you 'll try to make out that he does n't know before anybody else when any of the stock is ailin', an' how to doctor 'em; an' that he does n't kno v jus' where to go to find any wild herb that I or any of the neighbors want; an' that he does n't know all about every livin' thing that flies or walks or creeps or burrows. Yes,—an' he can tell when a storm 's comin' on better 'n the almanac; an' he can stand clear out by the gate an' tell the time o' day more exact than the clock."

"No, Mother, I won't deny that he 's got as sharp a pair of eyes in his head, an' as good a stock of perseverance and common sense, as any boy in the county; and I do wish, Mother," persuasively, "you could spare him to go and help me plant that corn in the corner lot. The hired man has gone home with the chills. Can't Hire do the churning?"

"There you are, Father," exclaimed Mrs. Half, her good nature returning with her triumph; "now ain't that a clear come-over to my side of the argument? Why don't you take Hire yourself? Oh, you know well enough! Whatever you may say, you know that Hippy has special gifts and everything prospers under

his hands. Hire 's no good to churn. Seems as if the thing 's bewitched when he gets hold. The butter won't come for him, anyhow."

"I would come for him, Mother, as quick as 't would for any one if he 'd keep the dasher going," murmured Hip, longing to go with his father, for he loved the fields and his father, too.

Here Ann Jane accommodatingly came to the rescue and "guessed she could manage"; so Hip set off with his father, only stopping at the woodshed long enough to throw a pick and a shovel into a wheelbarrow which he trundled along before him.

Hire, sprawling upon the boulder that roofed the woodchuck's abode, espied the pair setting out, remembered it was churning-day, and quietly slipped away to a neighbor's.

Hip, trudging along in his father's wake, had reached the garden gate when his mother called, "Hippy, son!" He turned promptly, a suspicion of a smile twitching at the corners of his mouth, and walked back. She came a step or two to meet him, took his face between her hands, and gazed affectionately into his eyes until a laugh danced there. Then she released him with a little love-pat. Not a word was said, but the boy rejoined his father with a lighter step, and the mother went happy to her duties.

"A better boy than my little Hippy never breathed the breath of life," she said to Ann Jane; "but I do have to be right up an' down with him once in a while, or he 'd never develop his gifts."

Poor woman! She had mourned over five baby graves in the old churchyard; and no wonder that she had watched and coddled her sixth son till she had well nigh spoiled him; and no wonder that when the seventh would n't be spoiled, was "as independent as a lord," and began to wait upon himself as soon as he could toddle, every one of his baby tricks was a new proof of her faith in the old superstition that a seventh son is born to do great works—works in the art of healing, the story runs, so Mrs. Half had inflicted upon her innocent baby the name Hippocrates.

Still, in her eyes this art of healing was only one of many "special gifts" possessed by her child of wonderful promise; and Hippy found, as many an older person has done, that even a

good reputation has its drawbacks. His it was hard to support; but his efforts to do his best made him so observing and painstaking that he acquired many odds and ends of knowledge and skill that served him quite as well as a magic gift.

Father and son worked harmoniously together until the corn was dropped and covered. Then, having been rewarded with "the rest of the day to himself," Hip sped away with his barrow to the edge of the woods, where a brook gurgled leisurely toward the valley below.

The boy stood a moment, watching the water glide along through the little canal he had dug to turn it a while from its course; and then, pitching his hat upon a stone and tucking his sleeves into a tight roll above his elbows, he went to work with pick and shovel in the old bed of the stream.

For an hour or more he worked patiently and eagerly, picking away the stones and roots and soil, shoveling them into the barrow, and emptying them right and left. But after a while he encountered a large rock. He pried and tugged and strained at it until his strength was exhausted; then, panting, he leaned back against the wall of the cavity he had dug. As he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, never once taking his eyes from his stubborn adversary, some one spoke.

"What civil-engineering design is this, young man?"

Hip started like one awakened suddenly.

A man seated upon a rock was regarding him with a smiling face. He was a very fine-looking gentleman, Hip thought, and the boy instinctively raised a hand toward the place where his hat might have been.

"I've been sitting here about ten minutes," said the stranger, "and you have been too absorbed in your work to notice me. What's your scheme?"

"Well, sir," said Hip, planting his two hands upon the bank behind him and lifting himself to a seat upon it, "there's a dreadful lot of churning to do at our house, and I'm going to make this brook fall perpendicu-lar-ly," stumbling over the big word, "and make it turn a wheel and do the churning."

"Pretty good idea that," said the man, looking amused. "Whose boy are you, anyway?"

"Mr. Half's."

"Mr. Half who hires this farm?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm Mr. Lane, the man who has just bought it. I did n't want it," musingly, "but my mortgage took it. I've just run up from the city to see what my pig-in-a-poke is like, and, as far as I've gone, I consider the land somewhat scrubby."

Mr. Lane knew more of stocks than of farming, and he turned over a stone or two with his foot in a dissatisfied manner.

"Oh, it's a grand place!" cried Hippy, talking warmly in defense of his beloved farm. "Of course this woods is rough, but it'll be just fat when it's cleared; and just over that knoll there's a stretch of beautiful land, as level as a floor and as mellow as—"

His flow of eloquence was interrupted by the rustle of a black snake that, probably routed by Lane from a retreat under the stones, was hurriedly seeking a more retired locality. Hip without ceremony assisted his snakeship, taking him by the tail and flinging him across the brook.

"That's a natural product of my farm, I suppose," said Lane, with a shrug.

"Oh, he's harmless," said Hip; "in fact, he's useful—catches mice"; then, returning to the subject at heart, "I only wish Father could have bought this farm."

"I wish so, too," said Lane in a half joking tone, absently picking among some low weeds at his side.

"Look out!" The next instant the boy's stout little boot was where the man's hand had been, but planted firmly upon the head of a serpent; and the man was pinching up the flesh upon one hand where two tiny beads of blood showed that the reptile's fangs had entered.

Frantically seizing the injured hand, Hip set his teeth about the wound and began to draw the venom out. He spat it out and repeated the process again and again; and when, with a long breath, he relinquished the hand, it was ornamented with a great blue spot, the result of the strong suction.

"That's a red adder!" In great excitement

Hip pointed to the squirming reptile. "I'd shivery" when he thought of the adder, and rather be bitten by a rattlesnake!"

"So bad as that?" asked Lane, with a shiver.

"Yes, but—I—I think you're all right now. I would n't be afraid if I were you. You see, your hand is n't the least bit swelled."

They had killed the snake, and were both somewhat recovered from their fright, when Lane asked abruptly:

"What's your name?"

Hip dropped his eyes. "Hippocrates," he said; then added in apology, "Mother named me that because I am a seventh son. You know, he was an old doctor,—a Greek one, I think. But I am not a bit different from other boys."

"A little different, I think," said Lane, as he lifted the limp viper upon a stick and wrapped it in thick folds of newspaper.

He shook hands with Hip, thanked him, and walked away, holding his parcel gingerly at arm's length.

Our hero went home feeling a general shakiness that he could n't understand. He left his supper almost untouched, and in the night they heard him tossing and muttering in his sleep.

"He's overtired," said his father. "He has worked like a Trojan at that water-power project. It is n't a bad plan either for a youngster to contrive. I must turn to and help him."

The next morning the boy was still "all

for that reason, probably, did not mention the adventure to his father or his mother.



"'I THINK YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW,' SAID HIPPY."

Two days passed. Hip sat by the brook, complacently watching it do the churning.

"Too-oo-ooot!" A single blast upon a horn.

That meant Hip. Two blasts meant Hire, and three their father.

"I wish a hundred blasts stood for me!" said Hip, impatiently, starting homeward; "then they would n't call me so often."

Bolting into the kitchen, he was abashed to see again his acquaintance of the woods, but Hippy put his hand into the offered one. Lane held it fast, settled back into his chair, and said:

"Well, my boy, I 've had that reptile among the scientists. They call it by a longer name than you do, but I doubt whether any of them has a readier sight acquaintance with the species than you have. You 've a cut near your lip, I see," drawing the boy closer; "according to what they tell me, it 's a good thing that was n't there the other day."

"It was there, sir, but I put my finger over it while I drew the poison out of your hand."

Lane shuddered and glanced at the parents.

"Young man," he said, taking a folded paper from his pocket, "I have two boys of my own at home, and as good a daughter as ever lived. They and their mother have been talking together, and they 've come to the conclusion that

my life is worth a farm to them. So, as you gave me my life, I have conveyed this farm to you, Hippocrates Half. Your father is your guardian. He will run your farm, but I shall make him promise to give you six years at the Academy."

He rose, put his hand upon the boy's head, bent it back, and looking earnestly down into the honest, wondering eyes, said:

"The more knowledge you can stow into this busy brown pate of yours, my boy, the more will the accident of being a seventh son avail you."

After a few formal arrangements with the parents, Lane took his leave.

Mrs. Half first recovered from her surprise.

"Now, Father," she cried triumphantly, "see what it is to be a seventh son!"

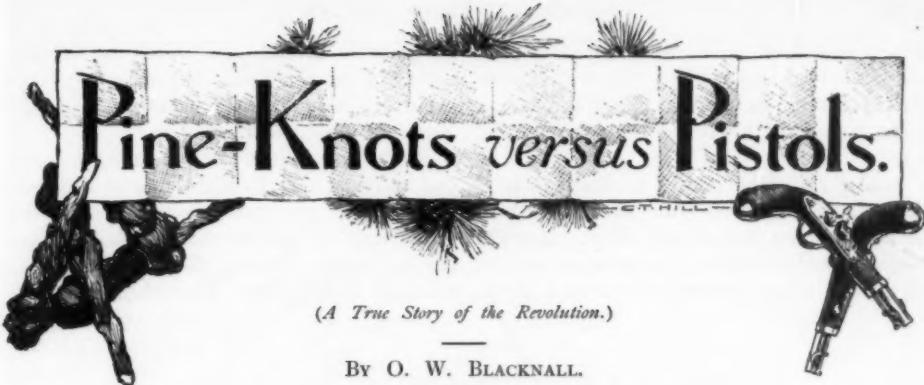
With a stretch and a yawn Hire tilted his chair against the wall and said:

"Well, Mother, seventh sons have gifts, of course; but they have to work too hard to develop 'em. I 'm satisfied to be a sixth."

The father put his hand lovingly on the shoulder of his seventh son, and said nothing.



THE HOME OF THE SEVENTH SON.



(*A True Story of the Revolution.*)

By O. W. BLACKNALL.

THE battle of Camden, South Carolina, fought on the morning of the 16th of August, 1780, ended disastrously for the American arms. Among the prisoners captured by the British was Humphrey Hunter, a lad fresh from the school of Liberty Hall, at Charlotte.

After being kept seven days in a prison pen near the battle-field, the prisoners were conveyed about sixty miles further south to Orangeburg.

The whole State being in British hands, and indeed the Southern colonies being considered as conquered and reannexed to the crown, the captives were allowed freedom so long as they kept within a not very well defined portion of the town.

Humphrey Hunter had been robbed of his hat and coat on the morning of the battle, and for three months went without either. Cold weather coming on, he started one day for a house in the suburbs, for the friend who lived there had promised to give the boy prisoner a coat. Humphrey was not aware of going beyond his prison bounds till he met a mounted Tory, armed with sword and pistols. The soldier halted him, and ordered him back to town to be punished for breaking his parole.

In vain did Hunter attempt to explain or to excuse himself. He pleaded his ignorance of the limits, and his need of a coat. The only replies were threats, abuse, and prods from a sword to hasten his steps.

The military rule of those days was severe, and especially so at the British posts in the South. The captive, knowing that his punishment would be humiliating and cruel, determined to escape, even at the risk of his life.

They came to a spot where some trees had been felled. Close by the road lay the trunk of a large pine, and around it were numbers of half-burnt lightwood (pine) knots, the remains, doubtless, of a camp-fire.

Humphrey dashed from the road, cleared the log at a bound, caught up two heavy pine-knots, and turned at bay. Nor was he a moment too soon. The Tory had drawn from its holster one of his ponderous horseman's pistols, and cocked it. But our young Whig was an expert thrower, and in his hands the fire-hardened pine-knots were dangerous weapons. At the same instant that Humphrey threw a pine-knot, the soldier drew his pistol; but when he fired, a moment later, the heavy ounce-ball flew wide of its mark.

The Tory now drew the other pistol and leaped his horse over the log, determined to come to close quarters and finish the combat with his last shot. Humphrey with equal promptness also jumped across the tree-trunk, thus keeping the log between them. This manœuvre was repeated more than once. Meanwhile the horseman was so belabored with pine-knots that his second and last shot failed to take effect.

His sword was useless, owing to the fact that young Hunter kept ever on the side of the log beyond sword-reach.

At length a well-directed knot emptied the saddle and stretched the Tory on the ground. Hunter then sprang upon him, seized his sword, and forced a surrender on the following terms:

The Tory bound himself to make no mention of the duel or the cause which led to it, and

also promised not to inform on any other prisoner for a like transgression. Upon this condition Humphrey returned the sword, and agreed never to breathe a word of the combat or its issue.

But secrecy was harder to keep than it seemed. The riderless horse had galloped on to headquarters, and caused alarm. Nor was suspicion lessened when the horseman arrived on foot in a very forlorn and battered plight.

escape with several companions on Sunday night. A hundred and fifty miles of Tory-infested roads lay between the fugitives and the North Carolina border.

But, lying hid in the woods during the day and traveling only by night, they eluded pursuit, and on the ninth day they crossed the Catawba River, and reached a place of comparative safety. During their flight they had subsisted entirely on corn taken from the fields by the roadside; they ate it raw, the danger of recapture being so great that they dared not kindle a fire.

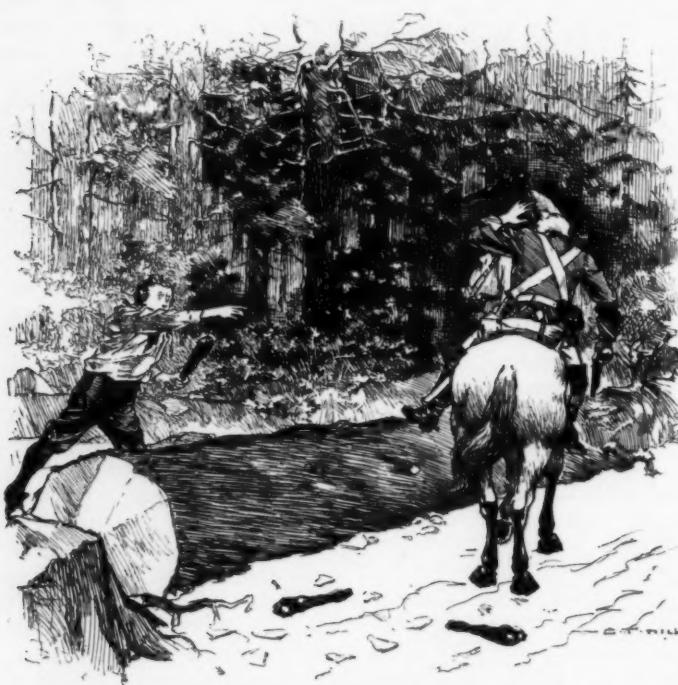
After resting but a few days at his mother's house, Humphrey again took the field as lieutenant of cavalry. At the battle of Eutaw Springs, the last important engagement at the South, Lieutenant Hunter displayed great gallantry, and was slightly wounded.

A little later he witnessed the reduction of Orangeburg, and had the satisfaction of finding among the captured arms the identical sword of his roadside battle.

The war being now over, he returned to

the school, and after graduation studied theology and entered the ministry. As there was then a great scarcity of physicians, he also acquired some knowledge of medicine.

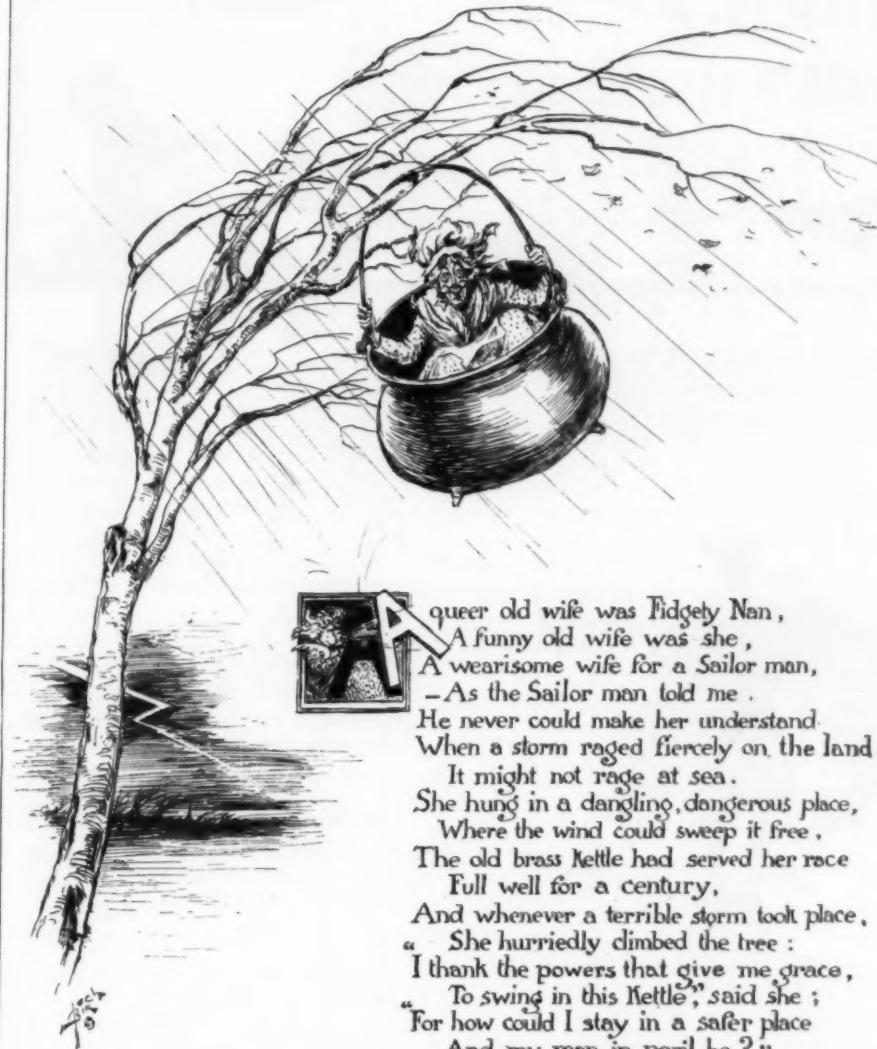
For more than forty years he lived to minister to the souls and bodies of his fellow-men, honored and respected for his charity and nobility of nature.



"AT THE SAME INSTANT THAT HUMPHREY THREW HIS PINE-KNOT,
THE SOLDIER DREW HIS PISTOL."

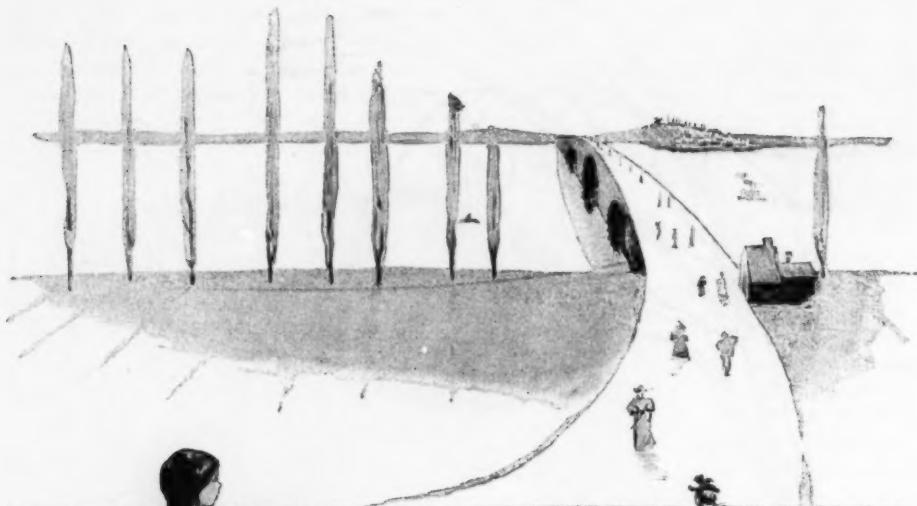
A searching investigation followed. The unique duel had taken place on Friday evening. Early on Sunday morning, orders were issued by Colonel Fisher, commander of the post, requiring every prisoner in town to appear at the court-house on Monday at noon.

Hunter, seeing the reason for the order and knowing that he would be identified, made his



A queer old wife was Fidgety Nan,
A funny old wife was she,
A wearisome wife for a Sailor man,
—As the Sailor man told me.
He never could make her understand
When a storm raged fiercely on the land,
It might not rage at sea.
She hung in a dangling, dangerous place,
Where the wind could sweep it free,
The old brass Kettle had served her race
Full well for a century,
And whenever a terrible storm took place,
She hurriedly climbed the tree :
I thank the powers that give me grace,
To swing in this Kettle," said she ;
For how could I stay in a safer place
And my man in peril be ?"
But, the funniest fact of this curious case,
—As the Sailor man told me,—
Was, when she swung in that dangerous place
It was deadly calm at sea.

THE WAY THINGS VANISH



I.
ACROSS the flowing river,
On a pretty little hill,
There rests a little city,
And a busy little mill.

II.
And everything that goes that way
Doth small and smaller grow;
The people on the long curved bridge,
The boats that move so slow.

III.
I am sure that in the little streets
A tiny people walk;
I am sure that everything is neat
And small, and clean 'as chalk.'

IV.
And some day I will go there, too,
And live in a tiny house;
And own, perhaps, a little horse
No bigger than a mouse.

V.
But not for some time yet; because
A small child went from here,
And ere she 'd reached the other side
I saw her disappear!

Elizabeth Chase.



(The Story of a Fortunate Misfortune.)

BY JOHN BENNETT.

A LONG time ago, in fact several years before there was any such thing as time, there lived a sturdy miller and his wife in a cottage at the edge of a great black forest near the village of Weisnichtwo, in the southeast corner of the kingdom of Niemandweis, just this side of the other end of nowhere.

This worthy couple had one son, Fritz, a funny little tow-headed fellow with big blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and baggy little trousers that he could almost turn around in. He was a queer little chap, too; for when the other boys played along the dusty highway and narrow street with whoop and halloo, Fritz crept quietly away to the field or forest, where, among the kaiserblumen or the fern, he would sit alone for hours, singing baby-songs to the brook as it babbled out of the woods, and making quaint little tunes for the lambs to play to—tunes that sounded like the wind in the pines, the birds calling in the tree-tops, or the stream rippling down the rocks to the water-wheel at the mill.

"Father," said he one day, "when I grow up I will be a master-fiddler and make music on the fiddle."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said his father; but he bought him a little yellow fiddle at the next kermess, and let him play it all day long.

It was surprising how soon Fritz could draw melody out of that Swiss-pine box with his

stubby bow! He made it fairly laugh and cry and sing and gurgle and whistle and hum, until the birds flew down from the tree-tops and hopped about him; and the lambs came and lay down at his feet; and mother-sheep rubbed their noses against his knees; and the marmots peeped from among the rocks; and the rabbits paused in the thick grass with listening ears; and the brown



"HE GAVE HIM A LITTLE YELLOW FIDDLE."

bees buzzed about his head. None of them were afraid, for Fritz seemed one of themselves.

But he grew up,—as healthy boys will do, who eat good meat, and sweet brown bread, and amber honey with creamy milk as rich as nectar,—and he fiddled better and better every day, until at last he said: "Father, I fiddle too well for Weisnichtwo. These dull villagers care only for the drone of the dudelsack and a bawling song with their muddy beer. I must go out into the world and seek my fortune."

So he took his cap and his fiddle, was blessed by his father and kissed by his mother, waved a

farewell to Weisnichtwo, and went out into the world.

At first he fiddled merrily as he went along, and thought to fiddle himself into a fortune soon. But no one stopped to listen; no one seemed to care whether he fiddled or not; and, no one offering to pay for his music, he might fairly have fiddled himself into the poor-house if one angry goose-herd had not rated him soundly for scaring the geese with his "nonsensical noise." After that Fritz indignantly tucked his unappreciated fiddle under his arm and trudged on silent and discouraged.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed wearily, "if they won't let me fiddle, how can I ever find my fortune? I wonder where it can be."

So he began to ask the passers-by, "Good sir,"—or "madam," as the case might be,—"have you seen my fortune?"

Some laughed at him. Some told him to mind his business. Others were too busy hunting their own fortunes to pay him any attention whatever. And at last, in one rough village, they called him a silly dunder-head, and pelted him with mud and stones until he took to his heels and ran off. All out of breath as he turned into the cross-road, he tripped over a stone and fell flat upon his fiddle with a dreadful crunch. And when he picked it up out of the dust it was spoiled beyond all hope of repair, with one peg bent up, and one peg down, and one this way, and the other that, while the neck was twisted hopelessly awry.



FAREWELL TO FRITZ.

"Oh, my fiddle, my little fiddle, my dear little fiddle, it is ruined!" he sobbed; and, clasping the spoiled instrument to his breast, he limped ruefully on, hardly caring where he went or what became of him, and only knowing that his beloved fiddle would never make sweet music again.

Just at nightfall he came to the city of the king, and wandered through the gloomy streets heedless of them all.

"Hullo, Master Fiddler!" called some revelers beside a cozy inn. "Come fiddle for us, and we will pay you well!"

"I do not care to play—pay or no pay," said Fritz bitterly, as he clutched his ruined fiddle to his bosom and passed on.

"What?" cried the amazed revelers, "a fiddler who will not fiddle for pay!" And the little boys took up the shout, and followed him down the street, crying, "Look, here is a fiddler who will not fiddle for pay!" And all the



"THE LITTLE BOYS FOLLOWED HIM DOWN THE STREET."



"FRITZ TRUDGED ON SILENT AND DISCOURAGED."

people stopped to see; and many came out of their houses, hearing the cry; and soon the narrow way was so crowded that the king's carriage could not pass, and a footman came to learn the cause of the blockade.

"It is a fiddler who will not fiddle for pay!" yelled the gamins in the gutter.

"Indeed?" exclaimed the king. "Then he must surely be a great fiddler! Tell him he may come to my palace and play."

But Fritz thought only of his poor, twisted fiddle, and replied, "I do not care to play, king or no king!"

"Dear me!" cried his Majesty, surprised; "this must be a very fine fiddler, indeed, who

does not fairly jump at the chance to play before a king. I surely must hear him!"

So he sent his coach and a regiment of grenadiers to bring Fritz to the palace, or to take him to prison if he would not play—for he gave him his choice, being a magnanimous king.

smiling, he hastily filled his ears with cotton and began to play.

Such a shrieking, such a squeaking, such a wild, ear-piercing scream as came out of that crooked fiddle! Ugh-h-h-h!

Why, even the sparrows under the palace



"FRITZ CLIMBED INTO THE COACH AND WAS WHIRLED TO THE PALACE."

Then Fritz was at his wit's end. His clothes were torn, his fiddle was spoiled,—but there was no way to escape; so in sheer despair he faced the music like a man. "If the king *will* hear me play, he shall!" said he grimly, as he climbed into the coach and was whirled to the palace.

"So," said the king, "you are here, are you?"

"Yes," replied Fritz, as he looked about; "I believe I am."

"Then call the court," cried the king; "we will have some first-class A No. 1 music! But where are your notes?"

"This fiddle does not play by note," faltered Fritz; which was very true—it certainly did not!

"Ah," whispered the king to the vice-chancellor, "what did I tell you? This fellow is a genius—he does not fiddle by note."

"Yes," whispered the vice-chancellor, "he must indeed be a genius—just see how very shabby he is!"

But, "Oh, dear!" groaned Fritz to himself, "it is all up with me!" And then, with his heart clear up in his throat, though outwardly

eaves jumped out of their nests, flew over the fence, and never came back again; the king's pet cat crawled under the cellar door and yowled with fear; while, for a moment, paralyzed with amazement, the courtiers sat motionless and dumb!



"FRITZ BEGAN TO PLAY."

They had never heard any such music as that before. It set their teeth on edge, made their flesh creep, and raised goose-flesh on the very marrow of their shivering bones! But there stood Fritz, placidly playing away as if he were producing the sweetest sounds in the world. And had not the king himself said that this fiddler was a genius? Certainly he had! And since the king had said it, it must be so. Consequently, every man Jack of them was afraid to say he did not like it. And no one dared to admit that he saw nothing lovely in it, for fear he would appear more stupid than his neighbor. So they all clasped their hands, and, turning to each other, cried in one ecstatic voice, "Oh, this must be a new school of

music—it must be a new school! Is n't it overpowering—is n't it forceful—is n't it thrilling—is n't it just too utterly *ne-plus-ultra*

for anything!"

"Ah," said one, "it is n't everybody who can have taste for such music!"

"No, indeed," answered another; "one should know how to listen!"

And then they all listened with rapt

attention and clasped hands, while they fairly squirmed, and longed for the roof to fly off, the walls to fall in, the floor to blow up, or something—or anything, oh, anything!—just to stop that horrible noise!

Now it happened that, seven years before, the Crown Princess Hilda's favorite wax doll had fallen head first into the royal soup-tureen one day at dinner; and the soup, being hot, had melted off her nose. Whereat, after one wild burst of childish grief, the princess had been seized with profound grief, and had gone into deep mourning for her disfigured darling, refusing to be comforted, and had never smiled again. The court physician had given her potions and powders until she was pale as a

been offered for anything to break her sorrow, but in vain. Her sorrow remained unbroken.

There, attended by a favorite maiden, and with a trusty grenadier within call, upon a raised dais at the end of the great hall, a fragile little waxen princess in gloomy black, brown-haired and hazel-eyed, she sat so deeply wrapped in melancholy that nothing seemed to move her.

But at the first shriek of Fritz's crooked fiddle she jumped with surprise and looked up with a sudden sparkle in her heavy eyes. And as she listened to the squeaking, screaming, shrieking squeal, a gleam lit up her face, she cast one quick look around the vast audience all in its rapt attention, and falling back into her chair broke into a peal of uncontrollable laughter.

"Oh, my!—oh, my!—oh, my!" she cried,

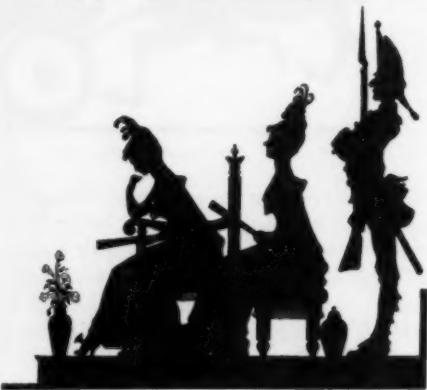


"IS N'T IT THRILLING!?"



THE DOLL FALLS INTO THE SOUP.

ghost. She had traveled to all of the fashionable watering-places for change of air until she was worn to a shadow. Fabulous rewards had

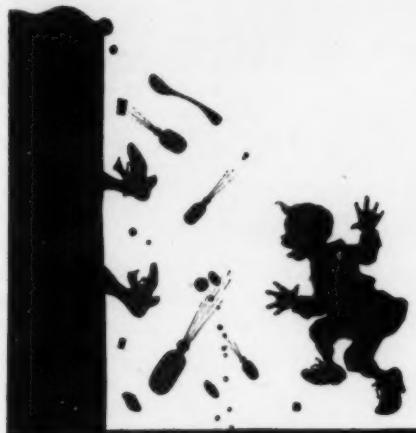


THE PRINCESS, HER MAIDEN, AND THE GRENADIER.

holding her sides; "it sounds like—a little pig under—a—gate!" and she laughed until the tears ran down her face.

Oh, the scene of wild excitement that ensued! The king tossed his crown up to the ceiling, the lord high chamberlain fell over two small pages trying to dance a jig, the whole court rolled off their chairs in delighted surprise, and the court physician had three convulsion fits in rapid succession behind the Japanese screen—for the melancholy spell was broken, the princess was cured, and his high-salaried situation was at an end!

Then the king fell upon Fritz's neck and kissed him, to his great embarrassment; and the courtiers, delighted that the fiddling had



"THE COURT PHYSICIAN HAD CONNIPION FITS."

stopped, cheered until they were hoarse, crying, "Long live Fritz, the Master-Fiddler!" And the populace outside, hearing the shout, took up the cry until they were twice as hoarse: "Long live Fritz, the Master-Fiddler!" although they had not the slightest idea what it was all about—which made no difference at all with the populace.

"And now, Sir Master Fiddler," exclaimed the king, when the hullabaloo had stopped; "since



"THE KING FELL ON FRITZ'S NECK."

you have cured the princess, of course you will marry her."

"Shall I?" stammered Fritz, blushing like a girl. "Why?"

"Because that is the way I am going to have this story end," said the king, firmly. "And I am not going to have it spoiled by any nonsense!"

"Well," said Fritz, thoughtfully, rubbing his chin; "if I must, I suppose I must—but," he continued uneasily, "I would like to ask the princess one thing before the wedding takes place."

"What is that?" asked the princess, smiling up into his face.

"Will—will—will," he stammered bashfully—"will you marry me?"

"Yes," replied she, shyly dropping her dark eyelashes, and laying her little hand confidently upon his broad shoulder; "but—"

"But what?" cried Fritz anxiously.

"You must never—"

"What?" gasped Fritz, turning pale with apprehension.

"Play that horrible fiddle around the house!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Fritz, with a smile of relief that spoke volumes, as he removed the cotton from his ears; "I promise you I never will."

And he never did.



FRITZ AND THE PRINCESS.



"AND ALL WENT MERRY AS A MARRIAGE-BELL."



TWO BELLS.

BY CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.

THE rooms of the students in a certain college were strangely decorated. The usual furniture was to be found in them, but here and there one saw strange objects. Perhaps over a mantel would hang a neatly painted warning, "Keep off the grass"; against the door would be a board marked, "Exit for passengers"; on a bedroom door would appear "Dentist," and about the walls and in corners were door-knockers, street-numbers, a gilt wooden key, or other bits that were neither bought, borrowed, nor given to the student occupiers.

No room was richer in such spoils than that of Arthur Bell, an athletic member of the Sophomore nine; but when he returned to college at the beginning of his Junior year, all these "trophies" were solemnly taken down and never replaced.

It might have been supposed that Arthur Bell considered them beneath the dignity of a Junior. But that was not the reason why he took them down; indeed, other Juniors were not so particular. The real reason was to be found in something that had happened during the preceding vacation. The conversion of this Bell boy was due to what we may call a namesake—a bell-buoy he spent some time with one dark night.

Arthur owned a canoe, in which he cruised

about the coast of the island where his father owned a cottage. It was at some distance from the village, where a few families of fishermen still carried on a diminishing business.

Not far from the island there was a dangerous reef, and just over the reef a bell-buoy was anchored. When the wind was right, the irregular beating of the bell could be heard, and Arthur made up his mind that the tongue of that bell would make a very nice addition to the collection of oddities in his college room. The attraction that the bell-tongue had for him came from the fact that he could take it only at night. "Was n't it stealing—and might it not cause the loss of a vessel?" Well, yes,—but some Sophomores do not think of such things. They prefer to call these exploits "pranks."

So one night he crept out of bed, dressed himself in flannel shirt and knickerbockers, made his way to the wharf, and succeeded in launching his canoe without being seen. It was a quiet, starlight night, with hardly a ripple on the water. There was just enough wind to fill his triangular sail, and he moved steadily out toward the buoy. He had taken its bearings carefully, a few days before, and sailed by a pocket compass.

There was nothing exciting about the voy-

age. He reached the buoy without trouble, fastened the painter to one of the rods that held the bell, and stepped carefully upon the flat-topped buoy. Then, with a pair of pincers, he reached up inside the bell, and tried to unfasten the tongue. He found this hard to do. It was fastened with thick wire twisted tight, and he worked leaning down and reaching up into the bell. This constrained position made him tired, and he had to stop often to rest. Besides, he had to hold the clapper for fear it would ring, and attract attention on so quiet a night. In reaching over, and working at the clapper, and in straightening up again, Arthur made the bell-buoy rock considerably, and when he finally loosed the wire, he turned around to find that his canoe had worked loose and drifted away. He did n't say anything, but he sat on the buoy with his legs in the water, and looked at the canoe as it sailed peacefully into the distance. He did not cry: he was a Sophomore. But he could not see any humor in the situation. It had lost all the fun out of it.

"A body of land entirely surrounded by water," thought he to himself. Then he no-

ticed that the wind was freshening, and he reflected that he was not in the safest situation in the world if there should happen to be a storm, or even a squall. He did n't relish calling for help, for it was hard to think of explaining how he had come to be in so ridiculous a situation; but he did not dare risk his life to save his pride.

He began to shout, but soon saw that his voice could not reach the shore. Then he remembered the bell. Turning half about, he seized the clapper.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!" went the bell. To Arthur the sound seemed deafening, but he knew it was faint enough on shore. For fully two hours Arthur rang the changes upon the bell, and upon his own folly.

Luckily, he was heard. It happened that an old skipper was coming home late from a trip down the coast, and he heard the rapid strokes of the bell. Some of his crew thought him foolish, but he persisted in rowing out to the bell-buoy. So Arthur was brought home; and he told his story like a man.

"You 'll have reason to say a good word



THE RESCUE FROM THE WHISTLING-BUOY. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

for the bell-buoys!" said the skipper; "but I might have thought nothing of all your clang-clang, if it had n't been for the fine moonlight night I once spent on a buoy myself. I did n't go to do mischief, either!"

Arthur was glad it was dark.

"Mine was a whistling-buoy," the skipper went on. "My mate and I went out to repair it, and our boat worked adrift, too. You can't be too careful to tie a good knot when you're hitching to such a frolicsome craft. Anyway, there we were, and the whistle bent, so it would n't sound. I tell you, we worked hard to get it straight again. And when it began to whistle once more (for there was something of a sea on) we were glad, though we did n't see at first that we were much better off. We had

nothing to show a light with; and it was a moonlight night, too. But after a while my mate—who was a clever fellow—took off his sea-jacket and wrapped it around the whistle. Then, whenever she'd give a blast, he'd tighten and loosen the coat so as to make the whistle go 'to-o-o-o!' Well, the lighthouse-keeper must have been sharp enough to notice this, for pretty soon we saw the boat coming with him and his father. Maybe we were n't glad to see them! That's all,—but that's what saved you, young fellow! I guess you won't want any more bell-clappers."

"No, sir!" said Arthur.

And that is the reason why one college student changed the decorations of his room at the beginning of his Junior year.



"EF I DOAN' GET ANUDDER UMBRELLA 'FO' LONG, I 'LL BE JES' ONE MASS O' FRECKLES!"



BESSIE'S BONFIRE.

(A True Story.)

BY HELEN B. DOLE.

"OH, Grandma, why won't you let me go down to the oak-trees this afternoon and get some acorns? You know you said I might some day. The boys are going in a little while, and I want to go with them. Do say yes, Grandma dear!"

It was a glorious September afternoon, and Bessie Field's seventh birthday. She had come the day before with her grandmother from the city to spend a few days with her cousins on Uncle John's big farm. There were five of the cousins: Will, Frank, and George, little Mary and baby Rob. The three oldest were real country boys, barefooted and sunburnt, dirty and happy, and always ready for a good time. They were all devoted admirers of brown-eyed Bessie, who was an only child, but not wholly spoiled.

When she came to visit them, they could never do enough for her entertainment. The orchard was ransacked for the reddest apples and ripest pears. They scratched their bare legs and hands gathering the largest berries, and drenched their trousers catching shinners and polliwogs, all for Bessie. On the other hand, Bessie entered into all their sports with great delight, and was seldom scared unless by an unusually big snake; so they all got on beautifully together and had a very jolly time.

Now, Bessie's grandma had promised to make her an acorn tea-set such as Grandma used to play with when she was a little girl, and this was why Bessie was so eager to gather the acorns. For the tea-set it was necessary to have two kinds of acorns: the large ones with flat, shallow cups, and the small ones with rounder, deeper cups. The shallow acorn-cups made the saucers, and the smaller ones made the tea-cups. Then Grandma knew how to make a charming tea-pot from a big acorn by adding a nose and handle from a burnt match, and by cutting off the top to make the cover. The pitcher was made by putting on handles in the same way, cutting off the top, and scraping out the inside of the nut. When completed, one of Grandma's tea-sets was fit for a fairy queen, and it was no wonder that Bessie was so eager to have one for her own.

It was her birthday and a lovely day; and Bessie saw nothing to hinder her going with the boys after the coveted treasures. But Grandma saw with different eyes. As she looked out of the window, across the garden and orchard toward the oak grove, she saw bright flames leaping up from behind the trees, and blue smoke curling up and spreading far away toward the horizon; and she hesitated about giving her consent.

"Well, dearie," she said, after a moment, which seemed at least a quarter of an hour to Bessie, "I would like to have you get the acorns; but I see they are burning brush in the pasture, and you will have to go through the pasture to reach the trees. If anything should happen to you, your mother would never forgive me for letting you go. I think you had better wait till to-morrow. Then the fires will be out. One day won't make very much difference."

"But, Grandma," said Bessie, "I won't go near the fires. I'll go through the pasture just as fast as I can run, and I won't even look at the fires!"

Just here came a patterning of bare feet on the stairs, and in another moment in rushed the boys, all out of breath, and all talking at once. Their hands were full of peaches and flowers, and at first it was impossible to make out what they were saying.

"One at a time—one at a time!" said Grandma. "Let Willie speak first."

"Oh, Grandma, we're going to take a jug of molasses and water down to the men in the pasture! It's so hot working over the fires, they're thirsty; and we want Bessie to go with us. Do let her go, Grandma."

"Oh, yes, Grandma! I won't go near the fires—truly I won't!" pleaded Bessie, with the tears gathering in her eyes as she hugged Grandma around the waist.

"No, we won't let her go near the fires," said Willie; "I'll take care of her, and—oh, the acorns are as thick as bees down in the grove!"

The children begged and coaxed till Grandma finally consented; and then they started, the boys with the jug, and Bessie with a basket, all promising to be very good and obedient.

When they reached the orchard there were birds' nests to be shown to Bessie; and further on they came across the hollow trunk of a tree where some field-mice had a nest; then Rover, the dog, scented a woodchuck in a stone wall; and altogether it was some time before they reached the pasture,—so long, in fact, that the children had almost forgotten about Grandma's charge to them and their solemn promises.

The boys started toward the men with their jug, while Bessie stopped to gather some catnip for her pet kitten. She had picked quite a

bunch when the boys rejoined her, and all were soon busy picking up the shiny brown nuts, which lay abundantly scattered on the mossy turf beneath the big, shady oaks. After filling the basket with carefully selected specimens, Willie began filling his pockets with the smaller acorns, which, he assured the others, were almost as good to eat as chestnuts. Bessie tried one, but found it far too bitter for her taste, and threw it away in disgust. The boys then picked up their somewhat battered straw hats, Bessie gathered together her catnip, and they started back through the pasture on their way home, intending to have Grandma make the tea-set before supper-time.

So many things had attracted their attention since the children left home that they had wholly forgotten their promise, and stopped just a moment to watch the flames dance and crackle and then disappear amid the smoke, only to break out again merrier and brighter than ever.

A big bonfire is such a fascinating sight! The temptation was too strong for Frank. His black eyes danced till they seemed livelier than the flames. At last he said:

"Oh, let's get some sticks and each make a little pile of them, and play that we are burning brush, too!"

The suggestion was no sooner made than all four began to gather a pile of sticks and leaves. Then Willie said:

"I'm going to get a stick from the big fire and light mine, and then smother it with moss and leaves, and roast some of the acorns."

"So am I," said Frank.

"And so am I," said George.

"Light mine, too," said thoughtless Bessie.

"All right," said the boys.

Soon there were four little bonfires burning brightly on the edge of the woods. Each of the children was working with might and main to smother a tiny blaze. Willie went into the woods a little farther than the others to get more moss for his pile.

Bessie at last succeeded in smothering her fire so that not a flame escaped, and as she watched the pretty smoke creeping out from the edges, she clapped her hands, saying: "Oh, boys, just see how nicely I have smothered my fire!" Then she turned around to look at the

others, and as she did so a sudden puff of wind brought forth the flames with a leap, and they seized the back of Bessie's dress. In a moment her skirts were ablaze, and she shouted to Willie who came running from the woods and threw his coat about her. Fortunately Grandma had taken off the gingham dress

cause keen pain; but that was not half so hard to bear as the thought that she had disobeyed her grandmother.

"Oh, what will Grandma say?" sobbed penitent Bessie. "I did n't mean to be so naughty. Grandma 'll never trust me again, nor believe me any more. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

I had only minded her and gone right straight home!"

The boys stood looking at Bessie for a moment, then Frank and George burst out crying, while Willie picked up Bessie's basket and tried to comfort her by calling her attention to a white rabbit skipping across the path just in front of them. But Bessie cared not for rabbits nor acorns. She was thinking of something far more serious.

Bessie and the boys left the bonfires to their own destruction, and the roasting acorns to burn to a cinder. Such a melancholy procession of naughty children slowly making their way along the little path leading from the pasture to the farm-house never was seen there before.

Grandma met them at the door, and listened gravely to their pitiful story of disobedience, which was told with all frankness. The wise old lady said never a word of blame, but set about making the acorn tea-set, and finished it that very night. The tea-set was a work of art, but its charm was gone. Bessie never cared to play with it, and acorns brought a solemn look to her face for a long time after that unfortunate birthday.



"BESSIE SHOUTED TO WILLIE, WHO CAME RUNNING AND THREW HIS COAT ABOUT HER."

which Bessie had worn in the morning, and put on instead a brown-and-white dress of wool. Fortunately, too, Bessie threw her hands behind her and rolled her skirts tightly together, and so succeeded in putting out the flames; but her poor hands were sadly burnt, and the back of her dress was almost entirely gone. If she had started to run, Bessie perhaps might never have seen her grandma again. As it was, she was burnt enough to



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD days to you, my friends! — bright, soft, and ruddy October days. They are coming apace, and in their name your Jack greets you, wishing you completeness and the joy that is better than jollity.

Now we'll proceed to business — first stating, by request of the Little Schoolma'am, that the five-syllabled word of five letters given out mysteriously from this pulpit last month is ABRACADABRA. You will find it in all first-class dictionaries, I am told.

Now, dear fifth-readerites and upward, I take pleasure in calling your attention to a letter from Brother Stacy on

CHINESE MUSIC.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Once I went to the Chinese theater in San Francisco, and it seemed to me that nothing could be more painfully unmusical than the din made by the so-called musicians, who sat on the stage and played upon their noisy instruments at intervals during the entire performance. To my ears it was only a series of jarring noises — no melody, no harmony. Every person of our party felt as I did about it, and we were surprised when the interpreter assured us that the music was not a burlesque, but was "very fair of its kind," and, to the Chinese mind, compared most favorably with that made by our own orchestras.

But judge of my astonishment on learning, later, through "The Encyclopedia of Anecdotes," that there are upward of five hundred journals in China consecrated exclusively to the musical art! And not only this, but that almost all the principal (or capital) cities contain two or more theaters for operas!

Well, all I can say is, I should like to go to China and hear Chinese music there, with my own ears.

Now, who can tell me whether Chinese music, as heard in China by travelers from Europe or

America, is at all like the Chinese music that is given at the Chinese theater in San Francisco? Yours truly,

JOEL STACY.

AND here is something about

A CHIVALROUS PIG.

MY DEAR JACK: I saw a very funny scene the other day, and I think it is worth describing to the little girls and boys who read ST. NICHOLAS.

We — a merry party — were driving through the country, on top of a big coach, when a flock of sheep appeared on the road before us. One little lamb with its mother had lingered behind the rest, and, before we could stop him, our naughty dog flew at the poor little lamb and began to bite and shake it terribly. We could not get to the rescue, and the frightened lamb was in great danger. Then a very funny thing happened. Four pigs, standing by the fence, suddenly rushed up, and for a moment there was dreadful confusion. Barks and squeals, and pigs, dog, and lamb created great consternation; but the pigs soon drove the dog away, and the baby lamb was saved. Now, did you ever think that pigs would do so kind a deed? A constant reader, K. C. H.

THE HORSE AND THE ANT.

THE dear Little Schoolma'am has laid upon this pulpit a small book sent out by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is composed of questions to be asked by teachers, friends, or relations, as the case may be, and answers to be recited by young folk either in the words given, or in words to the same effect. Now, the dear Little Schoolma'am thinks the lessons contained in this book are in the main well worth your learning; and, therefore, she requests me to show you a couple of them as samples. Here they are:

11TH WEEK. THE HORSE.

Q. Do you know what a check-rein is?

A. It is a rein fastened to a part of the harness, so as to hold the horse's head back.

Q. Is the check-rein of any use in driving the horse?

A. No; it is of no use at all.

Q. If the horse stumbles, does not the check-rein keep him from falling?

A. Not any more than it would keep us from falling, if we were to have our heads fastened back with a strap.

Q. Does the check-rein help the horse in any way?

A. No; it only tires his neck and hurts his mouth.

Q. Does it do any other harm?

A. Yes; when his head is held back by a check-rein, he cannot lean forward to pull his load.

Q. If he cannot lean forward, how can he pull?

A. He is obliged to strain his legs, and that hurts him.

Q. What do you think of check-reins?

A. They are useless and hurtful, and it is a cruel thing to use them.

NOW we'll jump over to the 48th week, and land upon

THE ANT.

Q. What does the Bible say about the ant?

A. It says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

Q. What is a sluggard?

A. A lazy person.

Q. Why should lazy persons consider the ways of the poor little ant?

A. Because the ant is so industrious.

Q. At what does the ant work so hard?

A. It works hard all summer gathering food for the winter.

Q. Is it right to step on a little ant if we can avoid it?

A. No; we should not like a great giant to put his foot on us and crush us to death.

Q. Sometimes we find an ant-hole, where the ants are going in and out; is it right to trample it down?

A. No; we should not like a great giant to trample our houses down about our ears.

think, concluded it was too much work to conceal all the rest, for he patted the paper down over the nuts and started on a tour around the room. Unfortunately, I opened the bag to take another nut out for him, and the sharp little fellow, hearing the noise, ran swiftly to me, and, seeing the paper bag open, bit my hand. I jumped up and ran across the studio with the bag, but he was after me. As quickly as I could, I dropped the bag upon the table, and then the angry little fellow was satisfied.

After this he pattered around the room at his own sweet will, examining chairs and tables, occasionally stopping to give an extra pat to the rug under which most of his nuts were hidden.

LITTLE JUMBO.

LITTLE JUMBO is not an elephant, as you may plainly discover by looking at him in the picture I show you to-day. In fact, it is possible that just because he is so small, sprightly, and light of weight, so unlike his famous namesake, he is called Jumbo for the fun of the thing. His master, Mr. Meredith Nugent, drew his portrait on purpose for you, my good ST. NICHOLAS friends. Furthermore, he sends you this true account with his best compliments:

Such a cross little model as Jumbo I had never known. He scolded continually, and all my efforts to soothe him were in vain. Even sugar seemed to sour his disposition. He scolded when eating, and when not eating. If I placed anything near his cage, he would jump to the wires — still scolding — as though he meant to break through them. Only a few days before I bought him he was a free squirrel leading a rollicksome life in the woods. Poor fellow, what wonder he was indignant at finding himself a prisoner!

Well, one afternoon I opened his cage door and offered him the freedom of my studio, of course expecting to have a very lively scene. Visions of upset vases, broken windows, and general disorder stimulated my curiosity. I wanted to see just how much mischief he could do. The cage door open, Jumbo leaped nimbly to the floor, and surprised me by behaving in the gentlest manner possible!

After he had run about for a little while, I reached for a paper bag of hickory-nuts lying near me. Jumbo ran forward immediately, jumped into my lap, took a hickory-nut from my fingers, and hid it under the bookcase. Standing up, I shook the bag quite briskly; in a moment Jumbo was running up my side to my shoulders, and again took a nut from my fingers. Now he did not scold at all, but was perfectly amiable,—truly a strong contrast to his former self. He kept taking nuts from me until almost every corner of the studio contained one. Finally a rug in the middle of the floor struck him as the best place under which to hide them, and the manner in which he patted the rug down after hiding each nut was very comical. He finally grew tired of this fun, and, jumping into my lap again, looked into the bag, and, I



JUMBO ON THE GOLD-FISH GLOBE.

On one of Jumbo's excursions he climbed up the drapery to the top of the low bookcase, and, seeing a globe of goldfish on it, was soon upon the glass rim. Here he made a very pretty picture. First he put his paws into the water and washed them, then he washed his head; and, after enjoying himself in this way for some time, he took a long drink and departed. Later, when he visited his cage to see that all was well, I quickly closed the door, and Jumbo's afternoon excursion was over.

A TIRED LITTLE MOTHER.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

(*For Very Little Folk.*)

WHEN Nita heard her mother say, "I am really overworked, and all tired out!" she shook her curly head, and sighed, "Me, too, Mama!"

And no wonder! Her mother has only four children, while Nita has sixteen. She looks very young, does she not, to have such a large family? for this is Nita, in the picture. She says she has to work "all—day—long!" There are Nita's six grown-up children, and then come Medora, Selina Polly, Mungo Park (Papa named him), and the twins, Pinky and Winky, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. (The last three are black, and no one could tell one from the other, but it does n't matter.)

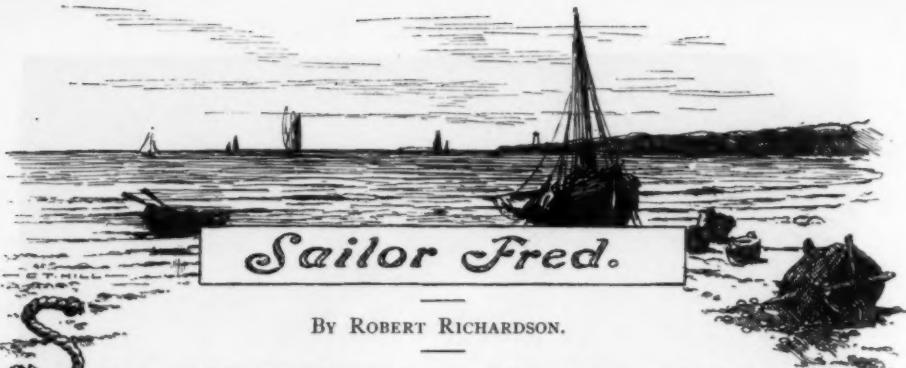
Then there are Seraphina, and Jim and Jam, another pair of twins, and Mr. and Mrs. Wobblechin, and the Red Rover, and Bridget, the cook doll, and Gwen, the Welsh dairywoman. There is the baby, too,—I forgot her,—and that makes seventeen. And all these dolls have to be fed and clothed, and put to bed, and taken up again. They are always put to bed; but sometimes they don't get taken up for a good while but then—one can always have them sick, so that does n't count. Jim and Jam have had the fever ten times, and once Jim had it so badly that his legs came off. Yes, that was something like a fever. Papa is a doctor, and he said he never had such a case as that in all his days.

Now, when this picture was taken, Nita had just been having a dreadful time with Selina Polly. Selina had the "ammonia in the back of her head,"—Mama thought it was a crack, caused by dropping her on the hearth, but Nita said it was ammonia, and of course it must have been; and her neck began to "get all wobbly," Nita said, and it was perfectly dreadful. Nita had n't had a wink of sleep for three whole nights, and she had n't tasted a morsel of food; for how could she eat when her child was in that state, with her strength all wasting away, hour after hour. So, at last, after walking up and down the nursery for about a week, or it might be a fortnight, Nita just lay down for a minute on the cushion, one afternoon before she was made ready for tea, because she thought the change might be good for Selina Polly. It was a very hot day, but Nita was not sleepy—"not one single tiny bit of a scrap!" she told nurse. So, then—nothing happened for a good while, and *then* nurse said it was tea-time, and told Nita that she had had a good nap.

This shows how foolish even the best of nurses sometimes are; for how could she *really* suppose that a mother would take naps, when her child's head was in danger of falling off?



A TIRED LITTLE MOTHER.



Sailor Fred.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.



SEE our laddie, where he stands
By the boats upon the sands.
See his sunbrowned cheeks and hands.

That the tailor
Well his cunning science knows,
Fred's whole make-up clearly shows—
From his hatband to his toes
He 's the sailor.

See the jaunty sky-blue sack,
Open collar, rolling back;
Mark the genuine Sailor Jack
In the pinch
Of his waist so neat and trim;
Note the hat without a brim,
And a tar you 'll reckon him
Every inch.

And with what con-
summate art
Doth the youngster
play the part!
See the mimic roll
(dear heart !)
In his walk.

And you 'd wonder
where he picks
(Skipper Fred of four
feet six)
Up the funny little
tricks
Of his talk.

"Want a boat, marm?" hear
him cry,
With a twinkle in his eye.
"Easy now, you girls; stand by!
Now, Mama,
Don't be frightened; here 's a craft
Snug and taut, marm, fore and aft—
Avast crowding there, abaft!"
Cries our tar.

When he grows a man, says he,
A Fleet-captain he will be,
And he 'll navigate each sea
Of old ocean;
Rival Cook and La Pérouse,
Bring back shells and cockatoos,
Spears, and clubs, and bark canoes—
That 's his notion.



Can I tell with pen and
ink
How his little brothers
think
Fred of sailor-boys the
pink—
Call him "Cap'n"?
How he orders them
about—
While they think, I 've
not a doubt,
That a Nelson he 'll turn
out.—
May it happen!

RUNNING FOR LIFE.

BY CAROLINE M. PARKER.

THE pound-wagon is well known to the dwellers in San Francisco and its neighboring city, Oakland. It is a common wagon, with a large slatted cage on it. The drivers and attendants, usually three persons, are Spaniards or Mexicans. It is their business to lasso all unlicensed dogs which they find in the streets, and take them to the pound-house, which is close to the bay. Some of the dogs are redeemed on the payment of five dollars, and a few are sold, but the majority are drowned.

The passage of the wagon is always watched with interest. One cannot but feel sympathy for the poor creatures. It is curious how dogs learn to know the wagon and to express distrust of it. One day, in Oakland, passers-by on Broadway were attracted by the loud and persistent barking of a dog which stood on the seat of a wagon. Many paused to ascertain the cause, and saw the pound-wagon traveling just in front of that on which the dog stood.

One pleasant morning, in San Francisco, not long ago, a lady had made a call on a neighbor, carrying her poodle-dog, Nina, in her arms. As she passed out of the gate on her return, she put Nina on the sidewalk. The pound-wagon was near, but the lady did not see it till a man, lasso in hand, ran past her and threw the rope. "Run, Nina! run!" she shrieked; and Nina obeyed.

A household pet, as tenderly cared for as a baby, Nina had never known a danger like this. On ran the little dog, the man in close pursuit. She crossed a street, running under a wagon; he had to go around it, and thus the dog gained on him. They turned a corner, and the lady, who ran breathlessly after, lost sight of them. On they went, and finally Nina's owner met the pound-man on his return, empty-handed. Nina had escaped!

The lady continued her search with many misgivings: the dog had never been alone in the street before. The anxious owner passed several children on their way to school.

"Have you seen a little white poodle-dog in this street?" she asked of one group.

"Oh, yes, and it was running as fast as it could," came the answer.

The search was continued, but no Nina appeared. Then the lady questioned a little girl.

"Yes, indeed," said the child. "It had a blue



ribbon on its neck, and it was running so fast I thought it was mad, and I ran to the other side of the street."

After a long chase, the lady was rewarded by finding Nina at the head of a flight of stone steps, close to a front door, more than a mile from the place from which she had started. She was evidently too much exhausted to go farther. Her owner took her up and carried her home.

The little poodle was sick for several days. When a little better, Nina was let out into the yard one morning. The wise little creature soon came running back, and barked for the door to be opened. A boy had come into the yard, with a long rope in his hand. Ropes meant danger to Nina.

One sunny afternoon, in Oakland, passers-by saw the pound-man in chase of a little terrier. Up Seventh street went the two, and on to Broadway, the "shopping" thoroughfare of the lovely little city. Just as the pursuer swung the rope, sure of his prey, the terrier turned into the entrance of a large store, where lay a huge mastiff, and fell down panting beside the big watch-dog.

The pound-man paused. The big dog looked at him, and put its huge paw gently over the poor little creature that had sought protection from the man.

The pound-man was paid a certain sum for each captured dog. But he was afraid of the big dog, and so he left the pair together and returned to his wagon.

A TRUSTY GUARDIAN.

BY C. F. AMERY.

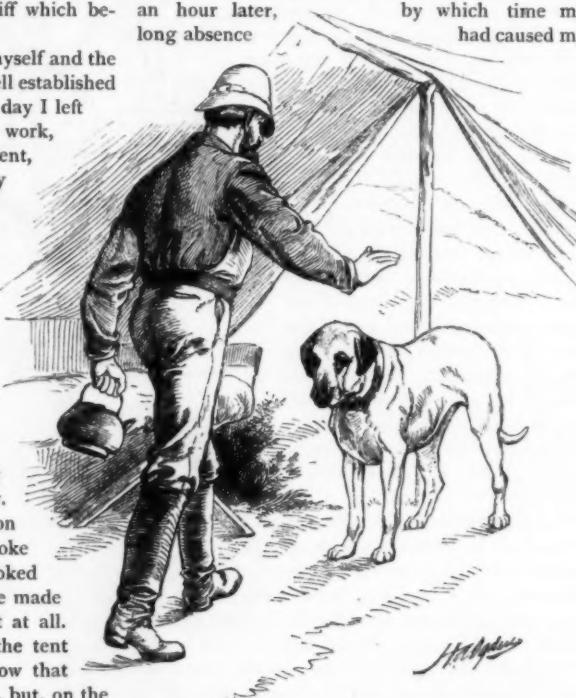
MORE than forty years ago, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, I visited a party of friends in the Bendigo gold-fields in Australia, where I was cordially welcomed. Among the valued possessions of my friends was an English mastiff which belonged to one of the gentlemen.

The good understanding between myself and the mastiff appeared to have become so well established during the evening, that on the next day I left the claim where my friends were at work, to fetch a kettle of tea from the tent, without the least misgiving as to my reception by him.

"Rex," who was always allowed to run loose, came forward to meet me. He allowed me to stroke his head, and, so far as I could see, showed no interest in my movements as I entered the tent and took a drink of the tea. But when I started to leave the tent, with the kettle in my hand, imagine my astonishment when I saw the supposed friend Rex facing me, and showing his teeth in a very threatening way. I put down the kettle, seated myself on the edge of the camp-bed, and spoke to him. He wagged his tail and looked so friendly that I thought I must have made a mistake about his intentions. Not at all. The moment I attempted to leave the tent with the kettle, I had reason to know that Rex's broad grin was no mere notion, but, on the contrary, a real sign that he was true to his trust as he understood it.

I talked to him again, set down the kettle, and attempted to leave without it. Still Rex objected. He had his doubts, and determined to give his

masters the benefit of them. There was no help for it; I was held prisoner, and could do nothing but sit down and wait patiently for one of the party to come to my relief. No one came until nearly an hour later, by which time my long absence had caused my



REX OBJECTS TO THE VISITOR'S DEPARTURE.

friends to suspect that I was being held prisoner by Rex. I bore the dog no grudge for his faithful zeal, and in a few days found he would let me come and go, and take whatever I wished.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A CARD, signed simply "Reader," calls attention to the fact that in the article, "The Boyhood of Edison," is a statement giving the impression that Port Huron is on Lake Erie, instead of on the St. Clair River. We are glad to correct it, and we thank our correspondent.

In addition to the answers already acknowledged by Jack-in-the-Pulpit, he asks us to say that we have received creditable corrections of the verses called "A Misspelled Tale" from the following young lexicographers: R. Stuart Adams, Verney Leigh Herder, Katharine F. Worcester, Mabel S. Geenen, John Jay Burtch, Dora F. Herford, Sibyl S. Van Pelt, Lizzie A. Schilling, Margaret D. Buckingham, Nellie Gray, Maud E. Banks, Nellie Louise Schilling, Britamart L. Andres, Daisy B. Allen, Elizabeth C. Grant, Helen C. Ezekiel, and Anna L. Oothout.

The last writes that her teachers made the verses a spelling exercise in school.

Readers of the "Selections from Hakluyt's 'Voyages,'" recently printed in ST. NICHOLAS, will be interested in a short summary of his life. Born in 1533, in Herefordshire, England, he attended Westminster School, and Oxford, becoming a lecturer on Geography in the University. He introduced the use of globes and other aids to geographical study into English schools. He wrote and published several books relating to travel and discovery, and is especially known for his great work, "Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation," published in 1598 with the assistance of Sir Walter Raleigh.

He was a clergyman, and was appointed Prebend of Westminster Abbey. He died in 1616, and was buried in the Abbey.

GLoucester Co., Va.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a member of our family for a long time. My sister and I are your devoted readers, and should hate to give you up. Perhaps it would be interesting to you to hear something of Powhatan's Chimney, built by some Dutchmen sent from Jamestown. It has now fallen, but it stood in sight of the old place at which I was born. It was built mostly of sandstone, and the fireplace was so large that a good-sized breakfast-table could be set in it. It was on Werowocomoco Creek, running by my grandfather's home into York River.

I remain your devoted reader,

ANNE B. J.—

Vavau, FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't think you have had a letter from the Friendly Islands before. Our old king is dead; he was more than ninety years of age, and used to be a great warrior.

If you come to see me I am afraid I cannot give you the food you are used to; but you can have plenty of pigs, fowls, yams, rumalas (sweet potatoes), breadfruit, bananas, and other things, and in the evening I will "tuki" kava for you.

We have a school for European children, and I have won prizes for mathematics and swimming.

Your loving friend, MARTHA S.—

MENTONE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been coming to me for only six months, but I love you very dearly, and I hope I can have you for many years more. I live in the south of France, in a country where the sky is always blue and the sun always bright. The flowers grow all winter; there are many orange and lemon trees, which bear at the same time flowers and green and ripe fruit.

I lived in America three years ago, and I liked New York very much. I wish I could go back to stay. I think my letter has been long enough, and I must not trouble you any longer. I am a French girl by birth, but American by heart.

LUCIENNE D.—

WARSAW, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a speckled Hamburg rooster that we once had. He had no brothers or sisters, and so we brought him into the house and fed and petted him. When he grew older he became very handsome, and was the most amusing bird I ever saw. We would dress him up in doll's clothes, and wheel him about in a doll's carriage. He would walk about the house, and was very fond of picking flies off the windows that reached down to the floor. One day I was crying on the stairs, and he hopped up beside me and began chuckling away, as though trying to comfort me, and asking what I was crying for. Another time some ladies came to see Mama, and as she was not in the room, "Cockolorum Jinks" (for that was his name) came strutting into the room and sat down on a chair, with his feet stretched out in front of him (the way he always sat on a chair). When Mama came into the room, he jumped off the chair, gave a loud crow, and strutted out of the room as though he had done his duty. At another time a gentleman came to visit us. When he rang the doorbell, Cockolorum Jinks heard him, and came around the corner of the house, and evidently did not like his appearance, and also knew that he was a stranger. He thought the gentleman should not be there, so he began flying at his feet and biting them, the gentleman striking at him with his umbrella, until Mama heard the noise and came to the door, and Cockolorum Jinks, thinking there was no more need of fighting, walked off. He would always attack strangers in this way.

He lived a very solitary life, for none of the other chickens would associate with him; and when he did go near them, they would fight him. I suppose they thought he was too civilized.

MARGERY M. G.—

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been twice in Colorado. Arriving at Colorado Springs, we took a train for Manitou. It is a pretty place, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, with many springs and pretty flowers.

Going a mile further, to Iron Springs, Pike's Peak is plainly in view. Some days we see travelers, who are going up the mountain pass by the hotel, on donkeys or horses. The little burros they have out there are very cunning, though rather slow. Going out from the stable, they poke along until their faces are turned home, and then they begin to trot. I have ridden on them several

times, and think it great fun. On these hot summer days I wish I was there again.

Going back to Denver, we took an observation-car for Georgetown. They are something like open horse-cars. At the stations, little boys and girls have specimens to sell that they have gathered from the silver-mines.

I went into a mine at Silver Plume, called the Menadota. We were given lamps, and with a guide entered the long tunnel. It has but one shaft, a little below. On each side of the tunnel little streamlets of water run, while in the middle is a plank walk. The miners gave us some specimens of the silver.

While I traveled in Colorado, I collected quite a number of wild flowers, which I have now in a book. The prettiest, I think, are the mariposa-lilies.

Your interested reader, LOUISE C. P.—

NEW MILFORD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about the nice times we (that means my brother and myself) have in summer. We spend it on a farm in New Jersey called "Meadow Burn Farm." In the haying-time we ride on the loads of hay from the meadow to the barns, then we ride back in the empty cart. We also have lots of fun playing in the hay-mow. Last year, while playing there, I fell down through the opening right between the heads of two cows. I remain your faithful reader,

HELENA R. E.—

PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My three brothers and I have had St. NICHOLAS sent us for the last seven years by an aunt in America, and we are very much interested in the letters we see from all parts of the world. We have not seen one from Paisley yet, so I thought I would write and tell you about a grand open-air concert we had here last week. It was given by a chorus of over six hundred voices, assisted by an instrumental band, in a beautiful glen at the Braes of Gleniffer, about a mile from Paisley, to an audience of twenty thousand. The chorus is called the "Tannahill Choir," after one of Paisley's principal poets, some of whose beautiful songs Scotch people think second only to those of Burns.

This was the seventh concert. The first was held at the Centenary of Tannahill, when the program consisted entirely of his songs; and the proceeds of that and the next three concerts, derived from the sale of the programs, were devoted to a statue of the poet, which is now erected. The last two concerts were for a Burns statue. The proprietor of the grounds has had fine walks made, with rustic seats, stiles, and bridges, for the use of the people, with an amphitheater of seats made of the natural turf, and in the sloping sides of the glen, for the singers; and on the concert day has flags and red bunting all along the roads. What more graceful way can a poet be honored in his own country than by having his songs sung by his own townsmen in the very place where he composed many of them?

Hoping this is not too long, I am your interested reader,

JESSIE B.—

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Dinard, France, but this summer we have been traveling in Germany. Aix-la-Chapelle is a very old town; it dates from Charlemagne, who is worshiped here like a saint. In the cathedral is shown his tomb and an old chair in which he used to assist at mass. In this chair many Emperors of Germany have been crowned. The pulpit is of gilded silver, incrusted with precious stones. The people of the town are so proud of it that they cover it with a wood cover, because they are afraid of its being spoiled.

We are soon starting for Heidelberg, which I think I shall like better than Aix, for here one has to drink hot sulphur water, which I think is very disagreeable.

At home I go to a day-school with my friends. We are only twelve and know each other well, so we enjoy our school very much. We do English, French, drawing, music, and German, which I find pretty hard. We have three black French poodles, which I love very much. I wanted to bring them, but Mama would not let me.

Ever your constant reader,
YVONNE TUDOR K.—

WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in Cincinnati in winter and come here in the summer. I like the place very much, as it is on the Atlantic Ocean.

Several days ago Father was out on the gallery and called for me to look out, and to my amazement I saw the torpedo-boat "Cushing" going at about twenty knots an hour.

Day before yesterday I looked out of the window, and what should I see but a strange-looking craft; and, taking our field-glass, I saw it was a ship that had a square mainsail and regular jib. Father found out it was the Viking ship. The next day I took up the *New York Herald*, and read that it was from Bergen, Norway, and had started April 30. She is a very fast boat, her average speed across the ocean being from eight to nine knots per hour, and in favorable winds eleven.

I am your devoted reader, BUCKNER W. A.—

TRENTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls twelve years old, and live in Trenton during the winter. We are not sisters, but very dear friends. We like you very much.

In this city there is a very interesting old church. It was built in the early part of the eighteenth century. During the Revolution it was used as a hospital for the British soldiers. The communion service was presented to the church by Queen Anne; it is very curious. We must say good-by. We remain your faithful readers,

ELIZABETH D. B.—
MARY HARRISS B.—

OLD TOWN, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you. I am a little boy eleven years old. My younger brother Percy and I came from Sioux City, Ia., sixteen months ago, to live with our grandmother. You have come to us for about half a year. I have a great many books, but I enjoy reading your stories best of all. My father sent you to me for my birthday present, and I am very much interested in "The White Cave."

Your interested reader, RALPH S. L.—

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Herbert M. T., Kate S. M., Jessie S. E., Louise C., Hannah L., Barbara, Dorothy W., Frank K., H. Randolph L., Willie R. F., Cornelia B. P., Erma E. T., Guy B., Katherine T., Claudia M., Emily M. W. P., Mary I. A., Tonie E., Marion S., M. W. G., Mary M., Loraine J., Edna G. S., Stella L. S., Margaret P., Britamart L. A., Harriet B. H., Walla Y., Louise Gwynne B., Helen M. C., Adele R., R. R. N., Jean N. A., Lillian W., Josephine C., Caroline C., and Ted W. C.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

HOUR-GLASS. Centralis, Krishna. Cross-words: 1. choKing. 2. PaRis. 3. fit. 4. S. 5. aHa. 6. hoNor. 7. carAmel.

STAR PUZZLE. From 2 to 1, scuds; from 4 to 1, tears; 6 to 1, Eurus; 8 to 1, sinks; 10 to 1, alias; 12 to 1, tests; 13 to 2, soars; 13 to 12, spent; 3 to 2, idols; 3 to 4, inert; 5 to 4, tact; 5 to 6, thine; 7 to 6, naïve; 7 to 8, negus; 9 to 8, Delos; 9 to 10, drama; 11 to 10, ultra; 11 to 12, unfit.

QUOTATION PUZZLE. Faraday. 1. Franklin. 2. Addison. 3. Raleigh. 4. Akenside. 5. Dryden. 6. Allen (Elizabeth Akens). 7. Young (Edward).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Emerson; finals, Concord. Cross-words: 1. Ethic. 2. Motto. 3. Eaten. 4. Relic. 5. Sambo. 6. Otter. 7. Nomad.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centralis, James Fenimore Cooper. Cross-words: 1. major. 2. frAil. 3. coMma. 4. blEak. 5. duSty. 6. lofty. 7. beEam. 8. caNon. 9. grInd. 10. SiMon. 11. glOry. 12. luRid. 13. chEap. 14. coCoa. 15. brOad. 16. quOu. 17. dePoT. 18. frEak. 19. boRes.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, fable; from 3 to 4, saber. Cross-words: 1. FluTe. 2. Marry. 3. Amble. 4. Basle. 5. Shine.

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BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to instruct thoroughly, and leave a little stream. 2. Behead a lively dance of the Highlanders of Scotland, and leave a fish. 3. Behead to scream, and leave a measure for cloth. 4. Behead marked with spots, and leave a fruit. 5. Behead an occurrence, and leave an outlet. 6. Behead a knot, and leave a lyric poem.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a celebrated English poet of the seventeenth century.

"LADY BELL."

COIN PUZZLE.



INSERT the name of a United States coin wherever a coin is shown in the illustration. How will the sentence then read?

ANAGRAM.

A MAN of world-wide fame:
HELP SUCCOR HIM OR BUST.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty letters, and am a quotation from the writings of Benjamin Franklin.

My 46-24 is an exclamation. My 30-40-60 is that which serves to solve something unknown or difficult. My 15-52-35-1 is temper of mind. My 57-13-21-33 is furnished with shoes. My 18-38-7-5-9 is a joint on

ZIGZAG. "To the most worthy." Cross-words: 1. Ten. 2. bOW. 3. cAT. 4. aHa. 5. Elk. 6. eMu. 7. two. 8. aSp. 9. Tax. 10. aWe. 11. loO. 12. aRC. 13. Tag. 14. wHy. 15. gY.

Pt. The hush of slumber rests upon the earth;
The clouds are still, as if in silent blessing;
And the soft winds that sweep the fading fields
Have in their whisper something of caressing.
Along the borders of the dusty road,
The silvery thistledown is lightly drifting;
And changeful colors sweep the landscape o'er,
Like magic pictures on the canvas shifting.

ANAGRAM. James Fenimore Cooper.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 11, Wm. Thackeray; from 12 to 22, "Henry Esmond"; from 23 to 33, "The Newcomes." From 1 to 12, witch; 2 to 13, mouse; 3 to 14, talon; 4 to 15, honor; 5 to 16, agony; 6 to 17, clove; 7 to 18, keeps; 8 to 19, Egahm; 9 to 20, rat; 10 to 21, acorn; 11 to 22, yield; 12 to 23, heart; 13 to 24, earth; 14 to 25, nudge; 15 to 26, raven; 16 to 27, Yonne; 17 to 28, endow; 18 to 29, stoc; 19 to 30, motto; 20 to 31, odium; 21 to 32, curse; 22 to 33, doffs.

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which anything turns. My 49-42-51-44-4-54-23 is an American machine-gun that can be fired at the rate of twelve hundred shots per minute. My 11-58-47-27-17-19-55 is pompous. My 41-12-25-3-10-36 is dull. My 34-16-39-6-59-32 is to direct and control. My 45-20-53-22-43-2-48-37 is of small value or importance. My 29-31-26-56-8-14-28-50 is the official staff of Mercury. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

METAMORPHOSSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

I. Change FAST to SLOW in eleven moves. II. Change ICE to DEW in eleven moves. III. Change FEAR to HOPE in eight moves.

MRS. F. W.

AN ARROW.



ACROSS: 1. A hollow place in the earth. 2 (5 letters). An old word meaning alliance. 3 (9 letters). Ancient instruments of war. 4 (5 letters). Nice perception. 5. A stronghold.

DOWNTWARD: 1 (2 letters). One third of a breakfast beverage. 2 (4 letters). The part sung by the contralto voice. 3. An ecclesiastical dignitary. 4. An old word meaning erst. 5 (3 letters). Obtained. 6 (3 letters). A sheep.

CHAS. B. D.

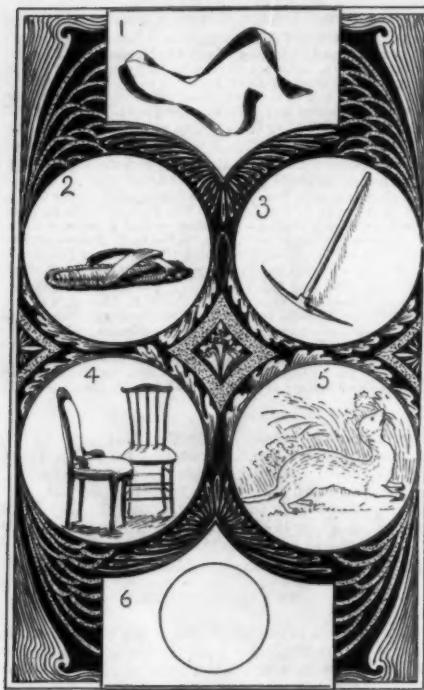
HOUR-GLASS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A maker or seller of chemicals or drugs. 2. The broad part of an oar. 3. To annex. 4. In filter. 5. To request. 6. One who lives on the labors of others. 7. Round, water-worn, and loose gravel and pebbles, such as are common on the sea-shore.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of one who was called "Father of the Constitution."

L. W.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of a French dramatic poet.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell a title popularly given to Major-General John C. Frémont.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The port from which Columbus set sail. 2. A bundle of sticks. 3. A maxim. 4. Limber. 5. Soft, downy feathers. 6. A series of links or rings. 7. One who gives or bestows. 8. To concede as true. 9. To dispossess by law. 10. An agreeable odor. 11. To darken or obscure. 12. Dexterity in manual employment. 13. Force or power of any kind. 14. To struggle against. 15. Pertaining to a country very famous in

ancient times. 16. To speak foolishly. 17. Resembling an egg in shape. 18. Bitterly irritating. 19. A begging monk. 20. Supplicates. 21. A masculine name. 22. A vessel similar to a cutter. 23. An unfeeling or coarse person. 24. To make into a law. 25. To express gratitude for a favor. 26. The scale. 27. To writhe. 28. Low, vulgar language. 29. Small bottles.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

CUBE.

1	.	.	2
5	.	6	.
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3	.	4	.
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7	.	8	.

FROM 1 to 2, one of the United States; from 1 to 3, wandering from place to place without any settled habitation; from 2 to 4, to quiver; from 3 to 4, to tread under foot; from 5 to 6, partakers; from 5 to 7, to give a keen edge to; from 6 to 8, to shuffle along; from 7 to 8, to relate the particulars of; from 1 to 5, large covered wagons; from 2 to 6, to throw lightly; from 4 to 8, otherwise; from 3 to 7, gaunt.

B. B.

POETICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS, a hero, good and brave;
Finals, the land he fought to save.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. We birds that build beneath the eaves,
With plumage brown as autumn leaves.
2. A charming poetess, whose verse
Sad and sweet stories doth rehearse.
3. A precious stone we now must find,
Costly and handsome of its kind.
4. A peerless knight of Arthur's court,
Who many famous combats fought.
5. A Spanish name for maidens fair,
In other countries somewhat rare.
6. A beauteous flower the spring discloses,
'T is neither tulips, pinks, nor roses.
7. A bloody battle fought between
Roundheads and cavaliers, I ween.
8. His arrow, shot with aim untrue,
By accident his sovereign slew.
9. A Roman king at eve would rove,
To meet this nymph, in sylvan grove.
10. Something to give a watchman light,
At twilight gray, or darkest night.
11. A savage beast whose tawny spot
The Bible tells us "changes not."

MARY E.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. THE benevolent spirits of the dead. 2. A follower of Arius. 3. Saltpeter. 4. Receiving by the ear. 5. A short line of horsehair by which a fish-hook is attached to a longer line.

II. 1. The handle of a scythe. 2. Saltpeter. 3. The top story of a house. 4. An examination. 5. A mountain in Iceland.

CHARLES B. D.

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